

# space city!

*•formerly space city news•*

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houston, texas



**rock  
'n roll  
in  
houston**

--P. 10

**20¢**

25¢ out  
of town





## Brother Mike Court Martialed

Dear Space City!

June 30

My court martial is this afternoon: for refusing to obey a "lawful order." The "lawful order" being to put the Army uniform back on and continue training. Maximum sentence is confinement with hard labor for 30 days and forfeiture of two-thirds pay for one month. Not too bad, but there's no way I could be discharged in this particular court.

After the sentence is served, they can issue the same order and court martial me all over again, in the next higher court, which could eventually lead to discharge or imprisonment. The only problem is remaining sane — which brings up the next point.

Thanks for running Diane's letter in your last issue. I have thus far received four letters from brothers and sisters I don't even know personally, not to mention numerous letters from people I know. It really helps to know that there are people who care and believe and still have faith — and people who have the strength to live the faith instead of just talking about "keeping the faith."

The Army has quite a few good people in it. Draftees who just didn't know what to do — or possibly didn't have the strength to do anything.



Fort Polk Stockade

## Pedro Turns The Table

Dear Space City,

On my way home from work this morning I bought a copy of your paper from a brother.

I read the coverage you made on my experience involving Mr. Twainer and Jack in the Box and myself.

First of all I want to thank my brothers and sisters in MAYO for helping my wife and I in raising the money needed to get me out of jail and in getting rid of a person incapable of working with others (namely Twainer).

They need advice and support. The android carrot stick people have pushed shoved kicked conned them into believing that there's nothing they can do. We've gotta reach people in the service as well as draftees.

July 1

Well I had the court martial yesterday — got the results this morning — \$50 fine and restriction to the company area for 30 days.

I did accomplish one thing — cases of this nature will no longer be taken to court. They will be handled "administratively." Good or bad — I'm not sure yet. You see, convictions in a court martial are felons, despite the severity of the charge or offense. So I'm a felon now — for refusing what I believe to be an unlawful order.

This morning my sergeant accused me of conspiracy — in front of about 80 witnesses. Conspiracy against what, he didn't say. It's getting pretty uptight lately — lots of harrassment. I get the impression that they just don't like me!

The photograph enclosed is my photo-impression of Fort Polk — of the Army — better yet, of Amerikan Technocracy. Being restricted, I won't be able to go to the photo lab any more, but will try to carry on my work somehow.

Will let you know more as it happens.

Peace in love,  
Michael  
Pvt. James M. Allen  
434-76-8490  
Headquarters Co.  
3rd AIT BDE USATCI  
Fort Polk, La. 71459

## We Need A Music Place

Dear Space City,

Well... we can no longer get together at the "pavilion" at U of H. Maybe this is good and bad. It was a good place for a concert. It meant sitting in neat little rows and not moving much, much less dancing or even singing along when you felt like it, but... it was a nice place to get together for some heavy music. Someone named Dr. Nicholson said that "rock concerts are not conducive to the best interests of the pavilion". Maybe this is sour grapes, but I would say that the pavilion was not conducive to the best (or otherwise) interests of the performers, or even of you and me.

Houston is in need! We need a place where the music can get to us without messing it up with the little hassles that continually separate us from THE EXPERIENCE. Sitting in nice, little rows in nice, fluffy thrones is no way to get anywhere. Hearing the man yelling at the guy next to you to move because he belongs in the little slot on the other side of the aisle is just a dumb little hassle.

As ridiculous as it may sound now, Houston has the potential of becoming the "Music Capitol" of this great nation. But, only if we, the buyers, the real promoters of this thing can get together and help it in. We need a place and we need it now! A place where aisles and rows are forgotten. A place that feels good — just to walk into. A place where we can all set together and ride on the same wave. I hope some person who is able to do something will read this, and then consider what it would bring to him. A place like this wouldn't cost much (compared with the pavilion, anyway), and there's a lot of money to be made off rock audiences, you know... Someone give us a heavy place where we can all fit, where the sound would be good, where you would like to go to hear Zeppelin or the Who. Creedence and 10 Years After... WELCOME!

in peace,  
bill  
houston

As you know, the charge was dropped — but first they tried to frame me with trespassing, changed it to an obscenities charge that finally ended up with a disorderly conduct charge.

Here is the clincher that is going to chap Twainer's dimpled ass and hopefully his employers.

I have two lawyers already in the process of suing Twainer for aggravated assault, assault with a deadly weapon, discrimination and a hell of a lot more good shit.

I hope I've given you a better picture of the crap we usually have to take from pigs and some half-ass smart shitheads.

I think you guys are putting out a damned good rag, considering the financial and other types of hassles you might have. Keep up the good work! If my ol' lady and I get any bread out of this shit, you'll be hearing from me, not to mention that my brothers in MAYO will be the first I'll get in touch with.

Respectfully,  
Pedro (Pete) Navarro, Jr.  
Houston

## Here's To The Bus Driver

Space City:

While reading your 6/20-7/3 issue, I came across one of many points of interest. This was a letter by Peggy Hester on the Rapid (?) Transit System. It must have hit a nerve, for I have a soft place in my heart for those people that serve the machines of Amerika — the bus drivers.

Starting about a year and a half ago, the white drivers were getting hostile towards the longhair youth of the community (not to mention the already existing racism and hostility concerning blacks and chicanos of any age). In the last six months others have been increasingly fiesty. After paying a driver 60 cents (ten cents more than maximum fare and my last pennies) I was told to pay ten cents more or be escorted to the pig station. He had already taken me ten blocks past my stop.

As a woman got off at the next corner, my friend and I left the bus with a hand gesture befitting the occasion and told him (driver) to shove it up his yas. He (about six foot, 190 pounds) proceeded to leave his bus to kick my ass, which he could have done easily had not the brothers and sisters on the bus objected and said it would be his arse if he did. I got a pair of broken glasses for it and a bruise or two, but great satisfaction from being helped by a busload of people (not one white as I).

This is not an isolated incident to myself and my friends concerning bus harrassment. Sometime, I may not be so lucky. The Houston RTS, as Miss Hester described it, is a piece of shit worthy of change and maybe a little muckraking by you — Space City. I largely depend on hitch hiking for transportation, but for some members of the community, this is not possible.

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AND DON'T FORGET TO BOOGIE.....



# People's Community Center: Carl Hampton Raps

*People's Party II is a revolutionary black organization, active in Houston for the last six months, with a platform similar to that of the Black Panthers. They have recently opened a community information center at 2828 Dowling in Third Ward. The following interview with Chairman Carl Hampton was done by Space City! staffers Judy Fitzgerald and Sue Mithun.*

*How long has the center been open, and what kind of response have you gotten from the immediate community?*

Well, the center has been open actually for about two weeks. The main things that have been going on in here really is cleaning the place up, and trying to get equipment that we need in order to start information going out to the community. Like there will be day-to-day leafletting in the community coming out of the center. We'll have political education classes. We'll have a liberation school for the younger blacks.

As far as response from people in the community, at this point it's been beautiful. We've had several

will have initiated before the last part of August.

The first program that we plan to work on out of the center will be community police control. We already have petitions with something like 2,500 signatures. After we acquire enough signatures, say about 10,000 signatures, we will then come to some kind of agreement, work out some kind of thing with the mayor or city council to see if police harassment that goes on in our community can be stopped. If it can't be stopped, then we will initiate the police patrol program with brothers from the organization and other concerned brothers from the community will patrol the police while they are in our community, both day and night.

We're also still working with this thing concerning Bobby Joe Conners. We're watching this very closely. Brothers from the community where this brother lived came by, and, matter of fact, since this brother was stomped to death we've had several brothers from Fidelity and Clinton Park communities to come by and even join the organization. So now we are planning to organize some sort of action to make sure that the officers that were involved in this incident are properly pun-

criminal-like manner, then we will treat them like criminals. But I wouldn't want to go into any exact tactics about the program, because I think this will be dealing too much with our security.

But we are sure this police patrol program will be put into practice, because we feel — we know — that this is the only way that those police actions can be stopped.

*Do you have any plans for like a free breakfast program?*

Yes, we're trying to decide right now whether we're going to start a breakfast program in here, or in another community where there is greater need. It is needed here, but we feel that one of the other communities, such as Fourth Ward or Fifth Ward, where, you know people are really suffering from hunger. But it is definite that we will have not just one breakfast program but several of them started by the beginning of the next school term.

*What about any programs or actions around local schools, the quality of education and stuff?*

First of all, as far as the educational system that



Peoples Party Center. Photo by Sue Mithun

people come in and express concern. People feel that, you know, this type of thing should have been started long ago. People seem very responsive to the programs, especially the youths, like the youths that were in here just now. This is an everyday thing and they're in and out of here all day and ask a lot of questions and find out a lot of things. A lot of the younger blacks are very familiar with the Panther Party, familiar with Huey, Bobby, Eldridge, you know, and they express grave concern about these brothers. I couldn't ask for any more response than we've had. I feel that the longer we're here, the more support we'll build from the people in the community.

*What kinds of things are you planning on doing with the center?*

Well, first of all, in the past week, we've had like a free clothing drive. We got some clothes donated from concerned people in this area, from a church. We've had parents come in and get things that they need. We had things like waffle irons, coffee pots, things like this.

And we plan in the near future, before school starts, to have like new clothes for a back to school sort of thing, so the kids will have some clothes to wear to school. And this is a thing we

ished, not only the two Houston policemen but also the Galena Park policemen that were reinstated.

*Can you tell me more about the police patrol? Like, if nothing results from the mayor or the police department what specifically the patrol will do?*

Well, actually we don't expect for the city council or mayor to all of a sudden change their nature. Because people have been expressing their concern with police brutality and this kind of thing but it's continued to go on.

The petitions that we have, we call it exhausting all legal means, by showing the people that the only recourse that we have to end this type of thing is self-defense and community control. So the police patrol itself will consist of brothers riding in cars, brothers patrolling police in certain base areas in different communities. This will be a thing like where people will simply ride around in different communities and hawk the police like they've been hawking us for years. If someone is arrested, if someone is stopped by the police, the brothers will stop and check it out, and stay our legal distance away from the police, which is 10 feet, and we will not interfere with the legal duties of any police officer. But if the police act in a

exists now that's controlled by the establishment, we feel that it has to be completely revolutionized — changed from the bottom to the top — before it can be effective at all. Books will have to be rewritten, the teachers will have to be changed and everything. Because the teachers have been mis-educated and they miseducate others.

As far as the crossover, forced integration and this type of thing, we're completely opposed to it. We're not opposed to blacks and whites attending the same school, but we are opposed to forcing people to go to schools they don't want to go to.

But we feel that the first thing as far as black people are concerned — in the educational system black people are not taught their identities, are not taught the knowledge of themselves, their position in society. And without this knowledge, without a person understanding who they are and where they are, well, they can't move successfully. And this thing the educational system of the United States hasn't dealt with — teaching people knowledge of themselves. We feel that as far as some of the things that could be changed in the educational system right now would be black history, black studies programs.

We feel that the main question in the world today, the main question that concerns our people

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Dump protesters protecting their park from bulldozers.

Photo by Sue Mithun.

# diary of a dump . . .

The following is a sequential report from proposal to disposal of the Mykawa dump fiasco.

JULY 2-5 —

Under pressure from residents, City Council was forced to find an alternative to the Alameda-Genoa dump site. They chose F.M. Law Park, near the City Prison Farm. They didn't visit the site, just chose it.

The Council further authorized an old friend (without considering any other bids), Brown and Root, to build a road from Reed Rd. 400 feet into the park to the proposed landfill area for only \$79,000. That's only \$200 a foot.

JULY 6 —

7 am — Brown and Root showed up bright and early to begin earning their \$200 a foot. The people sat down and stopped the bulldozers with their bodies. Police told the people that the dozers would be back tomorrow and that those interfering would be arrested.

JULY 7 —

7 am — People in the Park. Children playing. Plainclothes pigs watching. Bulldozers waiting. Rap groups formed and the people talked. Space City!

listened.

A young black teacher: "Hell, I'll put my garbage out front in the morning and find it in the back yard that night."

Middle-aged white: "How can they arrest us on city property? It's our city isn't it?"

9 am — Mayor and City Council ordered Brown and Root to hold off until further notice.

4:45 pm — A motion by Councilman McKaskle to rescind Brown and Root's contract was defeated 5-3. McKaskle looks like a good caricature of a younger W.C. Fields. Opposition to the motion was led by smiling Johnny Goyen, who looks like a poor caricature of an aging Johnny Carson, and Louie Welch, who looks like a guy named Louie in a grade B movie, but plays the part of mayor in Houston. The vote was actually a choice between Alameda and Mykawa. The Alameda protest was organized and directed by realtors, so Goyen, a realtor, and Three Fountains Welch surprised no one.

JULY 8 — a big day

7 am — Blair Justice from the Mayor's office met people at the park with a letter from the Mayor and a promise that "no work will be done to-

day."

Among other things, the letter announced a special City Council meeting that morning which "should be of great interest to people of this area."

Justice told the people that they should arrive about nine for the meeting.

9:30 am — A lackey from Welch's office came to explain that "the letter said the meeting would be called this morning, not that it would be held this morning." In response to questions, he said he didn't know anything about what Justice told them at seven.

11-2 pm — The people sat on their asses in the Council room while the mayor went to a luncheon. Posted above the people in permanent gold letters on the wall: THE PEOPLE ARE THE CITY. The "City" was kept waiting for five hours by bureaucratic bullshit while the mayor had lunch.

2 pm — City Council convened. The people were neither recognized nor allowed to speak. A Welch-supported move to extend the 10-day limit at Alameda-Genoa failed to receive a second, as he knew it wouldn't, and Welch announced he had run out of alternatives. The people rose and demanded to be heard, and in the confusion Welch declared the meeting adjourned and the Council left.

The people of Mykawa didn't fall for the pho-

ney extension motion, and a meeting was called for 7 pm in the park.

7 pm — Big crowd — three or four hundred. Plans were made to stop the dozers again with bodies. A black minister, Rev. Powell, explained what to do if arrested. His advice fitted the mood: "Don't resist. Be non-violent. Don't tell where you work."

Someone in the crowd said: "After we stop this dump, let's make 'em fix up this park." Applause.

Then the whole scene changed. First, the Fire Chief came with a message from the mayor that "all plans for construction have been cancelled for the time being."

Next, none other than Herman Short came on in civilian clothes to announce how much he sympathized and how he "knows none of these people would break the law." Applause and shouts of agreement. Charming. Welch is on the offensive.

The meeting closes with a prayer from Rev. Powell thanking God for their success and for bringing the races together. Amens all around.

--Pete

## analysis of a dump

by Pete Rowland

The people living near the F.M. Law Park, adjacent to the City Prison Farm on Mykawa road recently stood together to stop the city from turning the park into a dump. Under threat of arrest, they blocked Brown and Root bulldozers from their park.

Two weeks previous to this, the people of the Alameda-Genoa area made a similar stand. Protesters blocked dump trucks and were arrested three days in a row. The city finally agreed to limit operation of the dump to ten days.

Both groups fought the city, but contrary to local press coverage, there were important differences that should be recognized.

The Alameda-Genoa group was all white and overtly racist. It was a simple matter of a segregated area protecting its property values against a dump. Alameda-Genoa is a developing area and real estate activity is intense. In fact, the opposition to the dump was organized by realtors and the campaign was directed from two real estate offices.

On the third day of the Alameda protest, Yolanda and Walter Birdwell and two friends visited the site, not as representatives of MAYO, but as inter-

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IN COLORADO

# Lettuce Workers Strike



Lettuce Strikers in Colorado.

Photo by Suzanne Camejo/The Militant.

by Jon Hillson

CENTER, Colo. (LNS) — The San Luis Valley in Colorado, cited officially by the Federal government as a "starvation area," is the scene of a mounting strike by Chicano workers who live and work in almost feudal conditions. Starting June 3, the workers unanimously voted to strike two major lettuce producers in the area, Fresh Pict and Lee Consual, and have asked supporters to boycott the companies nationwide.

Most of the lettuce workers are women, men under 21 and younger children. They are demanding a pay raise from \$1.40 an hour to \$2.00, and a raise in Chicano supervisors pay from \$1.60 to \$2.50 an hour. The strikers are also demanding that the big growers recognize their union, *Dicho y Hecho* (Word and Deed). The union has already been recognized by the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), and its founder, Cesar Chavez, is also planning to help organize the Colorado lettuce strike

and boycott.

The power structure in the San Luis Valley is a carbon copy of its California and Texas counter-parts — 100% white and willing to use any tactics necessary to break strikes. Since the strike began, the Sheriff of Center has deputized all the growers so as to better protect their "property." The growers are also importing Chicano scabs, most of whom come from Mexico and are on 72-hour "passes" granted by the U.S. government at the request of the growers, who automatically renew the passes every three days until the end of the harvest.

Local police look the other way when white vigilante groups in the area beat up Chicanos regularly. And local white merchants assault the striking workers economically by constantly upping food prices: milk has reached over \$1.90 a gallon in Center stores. In addition, striking workers are refused both food stamps and unemployment compensation by local and state officials.

Four Chicano women, who would normally have given birth to their children in wooden shacks without aid of doctors, recently had to go to a local hospital because of pre-natal complications. The hospitals in the area don't usually perform services for Chicanos. In this case, however, an "exception" was made. The women gave birth and were released soon afterwards, only to find that their babies are being held by the hospital until the women pay for the services. The women, who are on strike, have no income to pay the hospital bills.

Growers have made a practice of visiting jails on Monday to see which Chicano males have been arrested. They seek out the best workers, pay their fines and thus force the workers to pay off their "gratitude" in scab field work, rather than face heavy jail terms. Potato pickers in this area, whose seasonal work follows that of the lettuce workers, face the same bulwark of repression and trickery that the growers can command.

The lettuce workers' strike is a major political step for the Chicanos of the San Luis Valley, many of whom have been in the U.S. for no more than a year. But the employment of Mexican *braceros* and Chicano scabs from other parts of Colorado has created a tough situation for the strikers: *Dicho y Hecho* members relate to those who are brought in to work as brothers and sisters first, and not as scabs. The strikers also want whites to come out on the picket lines at the lettuce fields, besides supplying food, money and other needed supplies.

The strikers reason that Anglo help on the lines will make for larger and more politically imposing pickets and will relinquish some Chicanos to speak to the strike-breakers and persuade them not to scab. Most of those who are working did not know they were being imported to break a strike, but with the promise of work coupled with their uncertain 72-hour state-side status, meaning immediate deportation and unemployment if they engage in strike activity, it will be hard for the strike to gain their support.

To be successful, the strike must last through the summer and disrupt the entire lettuce harvest. The workers are getting help from La Raza Unida (the Chicano political party), Colorado Rural Legal Services, and numerous Chicano adult and youth groups in Colorado. With their aid and publicity growing steadily, the strikers are growing more militant. No one has worked since the strike began because the growers have not yet brought the scabs they are housing out to the fields. When they do, the strikers hope that a strong picket line made up mainly of Chicanos will convince the potential strike-breakers to support the struggle.

Help is urgently needed for the strikers in the form of canned food and money. Send both in the largest quantities you can to: *Dicho y Hecho*, 574 Willis St., Center, Colo. 81125.

VIVA DICHYO Y HECHO!

BOYCOTT FRESH PICT AND LEE CONSUAL LETTUCE!

## Chicano Moratorium Comes To Houston

"CHALE NO, WE WON'T GO," was the *grito* (shout) of some 5,000 Chicanos who marched down Whittier Blvd. in East Los Angeles. The march was part of the second Chicano Moratorium held in the barrios of Los Angeles to demonstrate opposition to the high rate of Chicano casualties in Vietnam. On that Saturday, Feb. 28, Chicano spirits were high, in spite of the heavy rain that downpoured on the RAZA. The atmosphere of thundering echos seems to be the stimulus for *carnalismo* as young Chicanos were able to draw support from their *Jefitos* (parents) and even attract Chicanos from the beauty shops into the wet streets.

It was a total effort, a total *CHALE* (no) to this "thing" that uses the machismo of our young Chicanos to die in Nam. The Raza was shouting, "Viva La Raza — Pero Que SEA Raza Viva!" for they realized that the death of 8,000 Chicanos was already beyond tolerance. The facts were clear to the *Chicanada* as they carried crosses, signs, banners, and a casket. It was clear to them that as an ethnic group they constituted only six percent of the nation's population, while constituting 20 percent of the battlefield casualties. To die in an immoral war was insult enough, but to die at a disproportionate rate and to know of it, was enough to motivate angry Chicanos to organize other *moratorios* throughout our land of *Aztlan* (Southwest United States).

So on Sunday, July 26, a Chicano Moratorium will happen in Houston. The event, to be a rally and march, is being organized by the *Comite Moratorio Chicano*, with Carlos Cabillo as chairman. The march will commence from Hidalgo Park (70th and Ave. Q) in Magnolia and the event will terminate with a performance from the Teatro Chicano of Austin. Speakers for the occasion will be Rosalio Munez, chairman of the National Chicano Moratorium Committee; Alberto Lueria, state chairman of MAYO; a representative from the Grape Boycott and from WRO and others to be announced at a later date.

The purposes of the local Chicano Moratorium will be to march in respect for the brothers who have died in Indo China, to rally in support of bringing Chicano GI's home, *immediately*, and to build up toward the National Chicano Moratorium to be held on Aug. 29 in East Los Angeles, where a mass of 50,000 Raza is expected.

The local Chicano committee is in need of *DINERO* to buy an insurance premium (necessary for the march permit) and any contributions or other help will be gratefully accepted by the Chicano Moratorium Committee, 1501 Brooks, Houston 77009, phone — 225-4300.

Por mi raza,  
Pedro Vasquez

## MAYO And Radical Lawyers

Several members of the Houston Chapter of MAYO went to San Antonio on July 1 to confront the Caucus of Radical Lawyers. The Radical Caucus was formed in opposition to the Texas State Bar Association Convention. The difference in points of view can be plainly summarized — William Kunstler addressed the Radical Caucus and U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell addressed the Bar Association Convention. Staging a confrontation with the Bar Association would be like confronting a corpse; the confrontation with the Radical Caucus assured a live audience.

The lawyers in the Radical Caucus were scheduled to have lunch in Mario's Mexican Restaurant at 1 p.m. Members of the Houston and San Antonio chapters of MAYO blocked the restaurant door for approximately half an hour. When Kunstler arrived Mario Compean, a former State Chairman of MAYO, told Kunstler and the others that the radical lawyers were never around when Chicanos needed legal representation. He also stated that lawyers should be more responsive to the needs of the people.

Kunstler received the statement well. He asked the MAYOs to enter the restaurant so those lawyers already inside when the door was blocked could hear Mario's presentation. Kunstler's answer was that he agreed with everything in the MAYO statement. But the argument showed, according to Kunstler, that MAYO still believed in the fiction of fair trials and justice in Amerika. The whole legal system, lawyers included, is part of the establishment — tools to suppress the people. A lawyer cannot obtain justice for a client because justice does not exist in Amerika.

Kunstler's statement was well-received by the audience, MAYO included, and the confrontation ended amicably. This sort of ending often happens when a confrontation takes place between people and people, rather than people and pigs.

—Houston MAYO



# French Quarter Freaks

## 'Call It The New Pollution'

New Orleans — Cities, like many things these days, have a way of failing to live up to their billings. Take New Orleans, for instance. With its charming French Quarter and annual Mardi Gras bacchanal, it calls itself "The City That Care Forgot." Which is to imply that one can go right out and do his own thing, if so inclined. One can juice it until the eyes slosh about in red seas and the body shakes with a palsy. Or one can be an out-and-out fairy, if he so desires, and flaunt it up and down Bourbon, Royal, Chartres and all the other streets of the Vieux Carre. And didn't Peter and Dennis have a perfectly ga-roovy time here?

But unfortunately, the notion that Care has completely forgotten this city or even it's world-reknown Quarter is merely a Mae Westian illusion: the form is still somewhat in evidence — the grill-worked balconies, the intimate patios and the narrow streets — but one senses that it just isn't all there anymore. Maybe it's the pseudo-Creole architecture that has popped up throughout the Quarter, mostly in the form of hotels, motels and motor-hotels. Or maybe it's the garish, neon make-up job that was slapped on sometime after WW11, when the Creole aristocracy and the bohemian artists began to disappear. Sometime after menopause.

Lucky Pierre's complained. So did many other business concerns, but Lucky Pierre's was the first to say it aloud, perhaps because it is situated in the 800 block of Bourbon along with three headshops (the only real concentration of head culture on the street). Lucky Pierre's said that weirdo kids congregated on the sidewalks and forced its customers to walk in the street. Lucky Pierre's is a restaurant and lounge noted for its House-of-the-Rising-Sun entrees.

Hotel owners, club owners and bartenders complained also. Seems they were having their worst spring in Lord knows how long. Things started to get bad after this year's Mardi Gras, when crime soared way beyond the predicted increase, when someone hit Al Hirt in the mouth with a brick and when hordes of hippies showed up for the celebration and bunked down on the levees and in the parks. And a lot of them STAYED! for God's sake. Panhandling. Selling the underground NOLA Express. Cluttering the sidewalks and even whispering the names of illicit drugs — Grasssss? Asssssid? Hasssssh? — to passers-by. The local merchants felt the Haight had certainly arrived, so they formed an organization and went to city hall. Meanwhile, the chief of police was sending 32 undercover agents into the head culture to gather information for a confidential report on the situation. And then, in late May, an ex-cop was stabbed to death while walking down Bourbon with his wife. The citizenry immediately assumed that the hippies did it — even though the man's wife publicly said they didn't. Two weeks later the police department declared a "crackdown on undesirables."

Undercover cops disguised (very badly) as convention-going businessmen, vacationing tourists, winos and freaks circulated through the Quarter and in a one-month period made over 600 arrests.

Most of those arrests were of aging winos and derelicts, but a substantial number of kids were harassed by the clumsy crew of secret police.

Two girls were arrested for "indecent exposure by exposing their persons." They were wearing see-through blouses without bras when they were arrested on Bourbon, where strippers bump and grind it through open doorways up and down the street. Another girl was charged with "wearing the clothes of the opposite sex" under a city statute making it illegal to wear masks or disguises at any time other than Mardi Gras; she had on jeans with a zipper in the front.

A Vietnam vet with a Bronze Star, Purple Heart and a beard was baited into a fight by several iridescent-suited carousers who brutally beat and maced him before arresting him for accosting police officers. While he was being beaten, a crowd gathered and a blonde, off-duty Playboy bunny tried to intervene, only to be beaten and maced herself. She threw a drink on one of the hoodlums (she thought) and he launched into her. "They beat me so hard I wet my pants," she said later.

"Call it the New Pollution: every time one of these bastards breathes it causes more pollution than a jet plane." So spoke one longtime Quarterite from his perch in The Office, a bar in the 200 block of Bourbon. Joe, the man behind the bar, said, "These hippies claim they got to do their own thing, but 80 percent of them want you to pay for it. If you have to do your own thing, go ahead and do it — but don't come bothering me for money to do it with."

"They don't spend no money; they're not contributing anything. And they don't work."

Crimes against the state: they no work, they no spend. Not when it's \$2.50 for an eight-ounce beer, they don't. And not when it's five bucks for a meal on Bourbon and 30 cents buys a big plate of creole red beans and rice at Holmes Restaurant, a little place deep in the Quarter run by a 60-year-old black man named Buster Holmes.

And as for work, well just listen to a young barber in front of the Guys & Dolls club. "I used to run around with some hippie dudes myself, I let my hair grow out, you know. But I couldn't make it. I've got a wife and baby and I had to cut my hair to get a job."

"Step right in, folks (to passing tourists). It'll make your hair curl. Ladies, I go on in ten minutes. One tassel."

"Yeah, I could hold my head up if I had hair all the way down to my asshole, but they wouldn't let me work unless I got it cut."

Contrary to what Joe says, the kids do contribute something, even if it's only a token gesture. Wearing yellow berets with peace symbols on the front and fleur-de-lis on the back, a crew of heads sets out once every other week to clean a French Quarter Street. They sweep it with big, wooden

brooms provided by the city sanitation department and then wash it down with open fire hydrants. Mike Stark, a Bourbon Street shop owner and one of the organizers of the cleanups, admits they are just public relations. He, like a lot of others in the Other Culture, thinks Bourbon Street is thrashing about in the throes of decline. "No one is paying to see girls in pasties anymore. They can go to movies and see more," he said, fingering the thick red beard that flows down over his immense body. "The girls can't even dance; I've never seen any that could. Alcohol is also on the way out — that's another thing that separates the two cultures." And, like a lot of others, he enjoys many aspects of the quarter: the architecture, the music, the French Market, the nearby Mississippi. It's the hustling, Bourbon Street mentality, the booze-culture's aggressiveness, materialism and downright greed that threatens what is good about the Quarter. The mentality that lusts after the tourist dollar (the city's number two industry), proclaiming to have the strippingest strippers, the coldest beer, the best corn-on-the-cob. It threatens to turn and may have already turned what was once the center, in fact, the very beginning of a very old city into a tourist trap of the first magnitude, with Bourbon Street the gleaming jaws of the trap.

Superintendent of Police Joseph I. Giarrusso says his department doesn't have it in for the freaks. "It's like the old lady who kissed the cow; everybody to his own taste," he says. But he's not convincing. Actually, there's been bad blood between the cops and the heads since the latter cropped up long about 1967, and things reached confrontation proportions last year. When national rock groups started to appear in the city more frequently, the cops busted both the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead on drug charges. With the Dead they also got Qwsley the Acid King — a veritable Che, or Ho Chi Minh, as it were. And last August the cops arrested a NOLA EXPRESS vendor and charged him with selling obscene materials. The EXPRESS people went to court to obtain an injunction to prevent further harassment and while that case was in progress, the EXPRESS ran a photo of a man masturbating in front of three Playmates-of-the-month. The caption read "What kind of man reads Playboy?" The cops were tremendously offended by this, and doubly so when in December a federal district judge handed down an injunction preventing further police harassment of EXPRESS vendors.

And then, in April, a cop was fined \$100 for contempt of the injunction when he arrested a vendor for not "moving on." He testified he had told the vendor to move on the night BEFORE the arrest was made. Citizen groups immediately began to raise money for the fine.

The cops charged that kids were carrying a couple of EXPRESSES around them as a protective device. With that in mind, Giarrusso sent a telegram to the EXPRESS on May 31 requesting a list of agents and vendors of the paper. "Recent events have prompted this request," the telegram read. The EXPRESS replied, "Kindly furnish a list of agents of NQPD. . . recent events have prompted this request." Giarrusso telegraphed back that the EXPRESS could call the police department "for exchange of information," but the EXPRESS did not reply again.

On June 19, the EXPRESS brought Giarrusso to court on further charges of contempt for the original injunction. But this time the judge dismissed the case. Although, he did tell Giarrusso that some of the recent arrests "did seem to be unreasonable."

The head population of the Quarter probably doesn't number very far over 500, with half of those being transients who stop in for a few days, weeks or months because they've heard about the city — from friends, or from Easy Rider. Native heads, by the way, say the apparent freedom of the Quarter shown in Easy Rider was fleeting. They point out the fact that in the end of the film Dennis and Peter are killed not too far from here on a road that follows the Mississippi up towards Baton Rouge.

And for the thousands of kids that are hopping around the country at present in step-vans, micro-busses and such, New Orleans is just another one of the stops.

Some have split because of the hostilities, but most of the regulars say they're weathering the storm. In addition, there'll be more in town tomorrow.

And, as the song says, they are very proud of themselves. Penny, a pixie-like figure in a gypsy kerchief, says, "Why I think I'm very desirable, thank you. Just the other day I asked a guy to buy a paper and he said no, fuck the paper, how much do you cost? So I accidentally spilled my soft drink on him."

—Guy Mendes, a native son





From the Hospital Bed

# Latest on Lee Otis



Lee Otis Johnson celebrates his 31st birthday in Ramsey Prison Unit Hospital. Photo by Cam Duncan.

Prompted by information from the Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee, I went out to Ramsey Prison on July 6, Lee Otis' 31st birthday. I wanted to rap with Lee Otis about a July 2 incident at Ramsey which nearly resulted in his being placed in solitary confinement. I also wanted to hear some of Johnson's personal experiences in prison, to give the lie to the glowing series on the Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) printed last week in the *Chronicle*.

Although TDC head Dr. George Beto states in the *Chronicle* (7/6) that occasional "stupidity" of prison personnel is one of TDC's main problems, Lee Otis feels that power-madness and cruelty on the part of individual prison guards and attendants is not the exception but the rule. In Johnson's case, where even his enemies suspect that the federal courts will throw his conviction out and free him, there has been a desire to provoke him to the point where he will react and open himself for physical retaliation by the guards. It takes all the self-control Lee Otis can muster to keep from reacting as they wish. "If I do, I lower myself to their level," he says. "They gain power over me and I lose my inner freedom."

On July 2, after work, as Johnson was entering his cell with his FM radio (on which he listens to Pacifica) under his arm, the building attendant in charge racked the cell door, knocking the radio to the floor and broke it. (Building attendants are obedient prisoners who serve to keep order on the cell block and to evaluate prisoners' attitudes; they are simply "snitches" to Johnson.)

Furious, Johnson turned on the attendant and accused him of deliberate harassment. Immediately a number of other guards gathered, asking if the original provocateur wanted them "to work him over." The other inmates nearby spontaneously got up, surrounded Lee Otis in support and for a few minutes the situation was tense with the possibility of an outbreak.

A new guard told everyone to cool it and took Johnson outside to talk things over. The lieutenant in charge then summarily punished Lee Otis by ordering him to "stand against the wall" for 12 hours (standing with arms out-stretched without moving). In anger Lee Otis stood, sweating profusely and shaking from frustration at the impossibility of getting fair treatment.

At that point one of the prison doctors passed by, saw the condition he was in, took him away from the wall and put him in the prison hospital. A check-up revealed he was suffering from hypertension (high blood pressure), brought on by the unbearable psychological pressure. He was put on tranquilizers and he was still in the hospital when I visited him.

Johnson may still have to stand trial in a prison hearing for "agitating." The fact that the other inmates came to his defense is considered proof of agitating. Usual punishment for this offense is solitary, which means being put in a dark concrete cell, with only a shirt on, no bed or mattress, just the concrete floor to lie on, no blanket, no sanitary

facilities except a foot-deep hole in the floor.

This incident is not an unusual one for Lee Otis; it is only the most recent in a long series of physical and psychological harassments and abuses experienced mainly since he has been at Ramsey. Numerous actions against Johnson were listed in a recent Voice of Hope article, "The Violation of Lee Otis' Civil Rights" (6/27/70).

Johnson is regularly hounded by guards in garden and building work; once the guards learn who he is, many are out to get him. There is an unofficial policy to isolate him from his fellow inmates, often by pressuring those prisoners who associate with him. Money drawn by Johnson from his balance in Huntsville takes twice as long to be credited to him as is normal.

A major violation has been that Johnson's mail is delivered or withheld in a very arbitrary way. Letters from his family are often delayed from one to two weeks. *Hope* and *Space City!*, Houston newspapers to which Johnson subscribes, have each been received only once. A letter which Johnson wrote and mailed early in June to Dr. Beto concerning his harassment was mysteriously returned to Johnson's cell, undelivered. (This, in contradiction to Beto's own statement in the *Chronicle* that "... a convict can see. . . even his director on a given problem. . .")

A few days after my visit last week, *Space City!* received word that, after seeing letters of complaint from the Johnson Defense Committee to Dr. Beto, Ramsey warden Hutto personally visited Johnson to express his concern about the alleged harassment and to explain that, from then on, all of Johnson's mail would come through his own desk.

## Space City Raps with Lee Otis

Excerpts from the interview on July 6:

*What's been happening recently to your appeal in the courts?*

Judge Odom denied the writ of Habeas Corpus which my lawyer filed in April without even reading it. And I think the State Criminal Appeals Court in Austin is holding my appeal up because they're trying to prolong the time before we can go into Federal court. Personally, I don't have much faith in any of the courts. . . after what happened to the Conspiracy 8 in Chicago, and to the Panthers in New York, New Haven, Chicago and the west coast.

*What kind of work do they make you do at Ramsey?*

I work on a garden detail now. . . picking vegetables, weeding, moving crates of vegetables from farm to farm. It's nothing very hard, walking in ploughed fields is probably the most strain, just the drudgery of doing the same thing ten hours a day.

## 1 Joint = 30 Years

In August 1968, Lee Otis Johnson, a former SNCC organizer at Texas Southern University in Houston, was sentenced to 30 years in federal prison for allegedly handing one marijuana cigaret to an undercover police agent. At Johnson's "trial," the police agent was the only material witness who testified. The same all-white jury which took only 20 minutes to find Johnson "guilty" of sale of marijuana (but no verdict on the possession charge), took only ten minutes to mete out the 30 year sentence.

Houston police had been after Johnson for some time. In the six months prior to his arrest, more than 16 charges had been filed against him. Curiously enough, the marijuana charge came six weeks after the alleged "sale" took place, but only two days after Johnson spoke at a Martin Luther King Memorial rally, at which he strongly criticized Houston Mayor Louie Welch and Police Chief Herman Short.

After his conviction, Johnson was held in the Harris County Rehabilitation Center from August, 1968 until February, 1970, when he was transferred to the maximum security Ramsey Prison Unit No. 1, 37 miles south of Houston. On April 20, 1970, the Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee presented 11,000 signatures on petitions to free Lee Otis to the Board of Pardons and Paroles in Austin. The board stated on April 30 that they felt it was not in the best interest of the community to free Lee Otis Johnson.

An application for a writ of Habeas Corpus was filed with Judge Wendall Odom in 176th District Court in Houston on April 23 in order to obtain Lee Otis' freedom. In the writ Attorney Bobby Caldwell cited 14 points of error (including the fact that Lee Otis was illegally sentenced, having been given the sentence for "possession" rather than "sale" of marijuana) as reasons for granting the writ. Judge Odom denied a hearing, and the case is now in the State Court of Criminal Appeals awaiting a decision before it can be moved into the federal court.

*What about your relations with the other prisoners?*

I'm not in contact with all of the prisoners at Ramsey because of the way the wings and work details are divided up. All construction workers are on one wing. All Mexican-Americans are on one wing. My wing is nothing but blacks.

*Why do they have these racial divisions at Ramsey - to avoid fights, etc?*

No, because most of the inmates, of any color, are people who have rebelled against society. Of course, the impression that prison officials like to give is that the majority are stupid, TV criminals you know. There are always some kooks, just like in society, but the majority of inmates are very politically oriented - they know about things that I'm just learning. I was amazed to see inmates subscribing to the Texas Observer, Voice of Hope, The Village Voice. I even heard about Pacifica from an inmate. So they have to keep them divided somehow, and it's easiest by race.

You know, in that series in the *Chronicle*, the TDC claims that 85% of released prisoners never return to prison - but what they didn't explain was that most of that 85% avoid prison, by getting into organized crime. . . not like the Maria, but working in "respectable" businesses and screwing the people. . . like loan-sharks, you know, and even corporation executives.

*How has your health been here at Ramsey?*

Well, let's say my health has improved from when I was at the Rehabilitation Center. I got almost no medical attention there at all, unless Dr. Knippel came out. He has tried several times to get me out to a hospital for tests and possible surgery, but that isn't allowed. I was down to around 120 pounds at the Rehab - the food was so bad I wasn't eating anything but milk and cookies, whatever I could get from the Commissary. The food here is a little better. We get fresh vegetables from the garden, and they raise beef.

Cont. on 19



# Gay Activists Hit the Streets

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# WOMEN: FIGHT SEX GAMES

by A. Annie

Sex is so fucked-up!

It could be a beautiful thing — it could mean something, if there wasn't a price tag on it and an established ritual of games leading to it.

The biggest game of all is the DOUBLE STANDARD. A guy is expected to screw a slough of women before he meets one he can stand to live with, while a woman is supposed to sit home, never going out alone anywhere, and wait for Sir Lancelot to deliver her from (concealed) horniness and boredom. She is supposed to remain a virgin, hence, innocent until that fateful night, the wedding night, when her mind is blown by the sudden transformation of the mild-mannered man whose property she is. And somehow, this is acceptable, whereas, people just living together and digging it isn't. Somehow, you need a piece of paper, a certificate informing all concerned people such as chinaware sellers and relatives you haven't seen before in your life.

Of course, marriage is economically profitable to industry and advertising because there are so many things "necessary for the home" such as lawn mowers, dishwashers, and monogrammed towels. A tribal system or commune destroys the profit of industry because it involves sharing of goods on a home-to-home, family-to-family basis. A tribal system attacks the basic psychological source of the success of advertising and industries that push luxury products — that is, the undermining of personal confidence in sexual ability. Confidence is supposedly obtained by using a certain product, such as Ultra-Brite toothpaste or FDS deodorant. Ideally, in a

tribal system, a man does not have to assert or feel like asserting his possession of a woman; and, a woman feels that she does not have to "save herself" for one dude "to violate."

A woman's place, in or out of marriage, and in the manners of this fucking society, is prone. She is supposed to be at any guy's beck and call. If

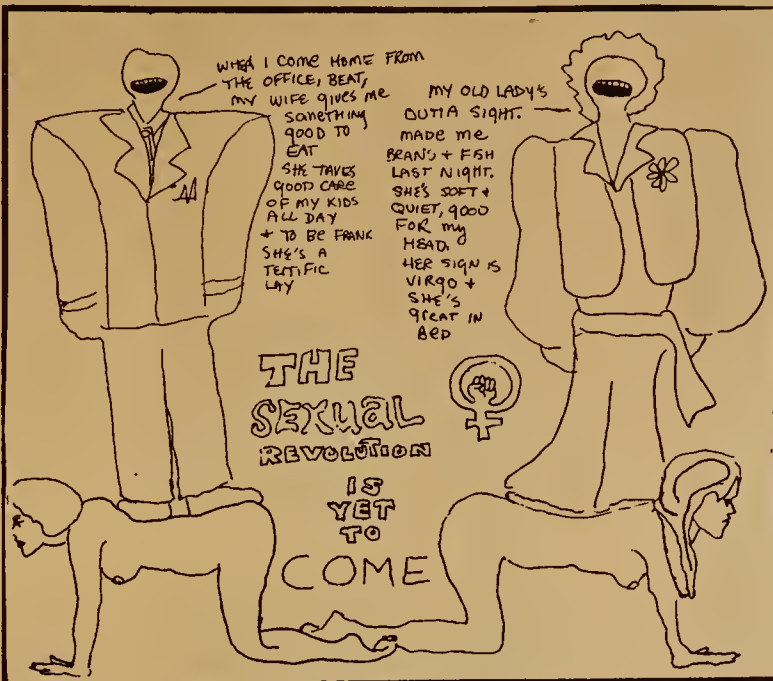
At the same time, her dignity is supposed to be boosted by cat calls and whistles and guys watching her ass move down the street. Apparently, she then knows that she is marketable produce. She is supposed to keep chumming by making herself available at parties and other social gatherings to male flattery and attention. She's supposed to feel "tingling all over"

will sleep with anyone. She'll be hassled by parents who can't understand why she doesn't want to "date." But, she'll know, at least, that her emotions are real and not programmed into submission to a one-sided standard.

The programming is instilled by the age of ten. A girl is given dolls, make-up, kitchen stoves, and recipes to play with. A boy gets models and things which require thought and mechanical aptitude to construct. A girl is conditioned to believe that mechanical aptitude is unwomanly and that, in the words of a nun I once knew, "any girl who scored above two percent on the mechanical aptitude scale on the standard high school preference test is strange (i.e. "queer"). Girls are discouraged from sports because sports are "too strenuous" for their skinny bones which they are programmed to keep skinny so they can catch guys. Everyone knows that guys don't dig fat women because they're harder to fuck.

So America keeps churning out child-like looking Twiggys with parent-dependent neuroses that get transferred to the "boyfriend" or "husband" intact. You would think that men would get tired of being used as shrinks. However, analysis gives them an edge of superiority over the woman (who, because she is such a girl, doesn't know her own mind and hence must be guided by male influence). This is a form of slavery which does not "benefit" the parties involved. The woman's only source of input becomes one man on whom she is dependent and the man tends to regard the woman more and more as a leach on his intelligence.

Therefore, in order to be a human being in her own right without the need for this type of submission psychiatry, a woman must become an adventurer and search out her own inputs. She must have the same legal and social freedom accorded to men. She shouldn't be shackled to key punch jobs, TV soap operas, and ineffectual clubs, such as garden clubs. She must assert herself to be herself — to fail in this is to fail as a human being.



a guy asks her to go out, her ego is supposed to be boosted to a point where she can't refuse — depending, of course, on how well the dude fits her indoctrinated criteria of manliness. She thinks that the only way to assert her womanliness is to "make herself attractive to men," in other words, to lay out better bait.

when a guy throws her a phoney line and tries to pick her up. She's supposed to think the guy "loves" her when all she really is is a substitute for masturbation. She's like a machine that you can treat to a movie and dinner and then get a good fuck out of. Why be a machine? A machine has no individuality or creativeness. Women must realize that they are human beings and not commodities to be manipulated for corporate profit.

Of course, the toll for individuality is high. A liberated woman is going to be hassled by unliberated men if she walks around alone or even eats in a restaurant alone. She'll be labeled a slut and it will be assumed that she

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# rock 'n roll in houston

by Dennis Fitzgerald

Right now it's raining outside. I'm sitting at the typewriter watching the chinaberry tree in the back yard drip water, and trying to think about what's happening to the rock scene in Houston, Texas.

Downstairs, some Switchboard people and some other people have got guitars and drums and a harmonica, and they're making some good, loud music. In the house next door, some other people are making louder music, electric, also good.

Last night all of us went to the Creedence Concert. Some of us went inside. We dug Creedence, but we hated the plastic audience. Somebody said it reminded him of a big Scene West, rock and roll Lawrence Welk. That's a problem. I think almost everybody would have stayed in their seats all evening, and applauded anything that made noise, but Fogerty said, finally, that it would be all right if, for this next song, people moved around a little. So a bunch of us went dancing and clapping up the aisle to the stage, and other people, almost reluctantly, stood up, and clapped, and eventually seemed to get into it, and we all had our eardrums busted and danced with sweat coming out everywhere until we were tired, and then it was over and everyone went outside.

Other people had stayed outside and done what there was to do there. One guy who was out front wrote the following:

"There were maybe 250 people outside who didn't go in. At first there seemed to be very little spirit, but it grew. A few small confrontations at doors. Sonic people and other promoter-types came out and started yapping — diverting energy into argumentative bullshit.

"We decided to go around to the back door, figuring it was more likely people inside — at least bands wandering around backstage — could hear us. About 75 people came around and rushed the large garage door, started banging on it and clapping and chanting. Then suddenly a square section of the door dropped and a pig holding mace appeared. (It was just like on Laugh-In, where they have large sets with all those compartments and do fast blackouts.) He sprayed mace directly

into the faces of several people at the door. Their faces, eyes, were trashed pretty bad. We ran into the street and back around to the front.

"People then stood around pissed off, rapping with promoter-types, each other, etc. When the concert was over, the stalwart few who had remained throughout started clapping and chanting. We stood alongside the exiting crowd and chanted things like "Rip-off," "Boycott," "Strike" and "Free." ("Free" was the chant that got the most response.) At first only a few people joined us (lots of people coming out didn't know what was happening), but eventually quite a few people were clapping and chanting. One guy burned a dollar bill. Everybody dug that. As the crowd grew, somebody threw ice at one of the hovering pigs. The pigs in turn gathered their forces and formed a line at the door. People dispersed; it was a bad time for a confrontation."

Afterwards, about 25 of us, some Space City! people and mostly just people who had been at the concert, went over to the lavish Hotel Sonesta to talk to Creedence about what was happening in Houston, and also to see where their heads were at. But they wouldn't talk to us because they had "previous commitments." (I talked briefly with one of the "commitments" downstairs in the lobby — a young girl, about 18, very pretty in a white dress, who seemed somewhat despondent but not nervous as I would have expected — and she said they had told her to wait downstairs, and "Dam, I probably won't get to see any of them.")

Though we didn't much want to talk to them, we allowed two young Concerts West promoters to lead us into a fancy ballroom. One of the promoters was very concerned and very hip. The other one had short hair and wore efficient-looking glasses and knew all sorts of figures and percentages and kept referring to Houston as a "market." Perversely, I liked him better because I knew he wasn't trying to hype anybody. For an hour or so we all sat on the carpeting and smoked tobacco and tried to communicate something, but it wasn't much good, and we all left feeling like we'd just had a six hour screw with no climax. It was very depressing, so we went to a party, and drank beer and got high, and sang songs until about five in



John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater Revival

the morning. Then we all felt a little better, so we went home and slept until noon.

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I can think of about three articles that need to be written now, maybe four.

There's one that should talk about the economics of rock. It should explain why tickets cost so much (also records) and where the money goes, which is very complicated apparently because everybody claims that somebody else is getting it. Rock music has become increasingly enmeshed with the economic system as a whole. It has become a commodity, like eggs and automobiles and nudie magazines. As such, there is doubt that there is any longer anything revolutionary about rock. It falls ever more within the circle of permissible dissent.

Another article should examine the brief his-

## whose favorite son?

by Judith Ann Barvin

you can't judge a pig by his blueness, he comes in all colors and disguises. he is concerts west with long hair, blue jeans and rich hippy vests. bringing in ego-groups dressed in worn bluejeans and poverty faces to perpetuate the sick white cultural hangup that ties money with SUCK-SESS in this insane nation.

he is on the stage doing his thing ripping the very same people who put him there — for something like \$40,000 a night, sure he worked hard for a few years until he made it. that means he can fuck THE PEOPLE who will work hard all of their lives and never "make it" — but maybe like to dig on music. wow. think.

a lot of people were at the coliseum when creedence clearwater revival was there. some 11,000 bought tickets. went inside. got ripped. did or didn't know it. others stayed outside. started a revival — of conscience. people without \$. people with press passes who weren't allowed in. (Even the establishment newspaper-POST). people whose heads finally realize that we are getting ripped. that there needs to be a re-evaluation here. a music revolution. that rock concerts need to be BOYCOTTED — until managers with fat pockets, musicians with fat heads, and promoters with fat words get it together.

people got together. rapped. got maced. talked to the pigs who stood guard at all doors in numbers. pigs seen thru top story windows. and — dig this — on the roof!!!! there were narcs and spectators and people who were angry because of the apathy in houston. and sonic productions people who told we were crazy and didn't know what the hell we were talking about. but most important — good people who wanted to turn on their sisters and brothers to a realization that's awfully fucking real once you get it!

it's all part of the revolution in this country and when you see that people are reluctant to even get on to this aspect of it — you know that this country needs a lot of getting together before any serious confrontation. the people are the re-

volution. and until they get on to what's being done to them — by the washington crew and by their faithful "far out" idols as well — lots of work to be done.

here's the rap. some of the biggest capitalist pigs in this land of the free and the brave are the "anti-establishment" establishment. they prey on the very people who made them "important" by buying their records. and going to concerts. did you ever stop to think how much of this gigantic fund of money goes to the war??? as soon as a group gets known, they follow in their daddy's footsteps. their price goes up. they no longer are with the people — but "above" the people. the elite. and they indirectly shit on us — the people. so maybe you have to be brave and stay home from now on — until its free!!!

the people who supported them don't "KNOW" yet. they perpetuate this system. the pigs protect it to keep it going. they get paid. it's a job. like one pig said sat nite, "i'm only babysitting at \$4 an hour." another one said "i hope you do start something — then there will be no more concerts in houston."

we attack pigs because we can't get to the superpigs. the pigs are on the outside of the castle keeping us out. so we throw stones — the promoters know that the people thirst for music. it's part of the youth culture that is trying to be pure. they prey on us because they let the groups demand outrageous prices. because they (promoters) know they can get it. because they (musicians) know they can get it! we have to stop GIVING IT!

the musicians become morally polluted when they elevate themselves above the people and rip us. but this happens — BECAUSE of the moral fallout inherent in our sick pig culture. the same culture that preaches — "you don't make it unless you make it to the bank." the musician only wants to do his thing — play gigs. he doesn't feel successful unless he makes a lot of money, he was made to feel that! if he plays for FREE, the indoctrinated people think he can't get money — so he's no good. thats why no one supports local groups and ALL GROUPS WERE ONCE LOCAL GROUPS.!!!

the youth culture has moral potential. the answer could be boycott. then promoters will see we mean it. musicians will become disinfected with that disease — success. or they starve. the culture changes. but this can't happen unless every-one gets on to this!!





tory and the main characters involved in the rise and fall of Houston's rock scene. There are the major promoters: Sonic Productions, Ames Productions, Concerts West. There are the clubs which have come and gone: La Maison, The Living Eye, Love Street, Catacombs, the tragical history of Jubilee Hall. Other things and people: Milby Park, John Bartlett and the short-lived Good Relations, the radio stations.

There ought to be an article on the bands of Houston, the good bands and the bands that

might have been good. That would have a lot to do with the people who should have supported those bands, the "audiences," why they were the way they were (and to a large extent still are).

The fourth article, by far the most difficult, would suggest alternative ideas for moving on from here. Some things are clear at this point. There is a second "generation" of freaks emerging now. (Other places it has existed for a long time, but Houston is always a couple years behind.) They're almost as distant from the first generation as the first generation was from its parents. I'm first generation, but I think we'd better listen to these new rumblings, and understand them, or we're going to find ourselves cast as the long-haired establishment. Ways need to be found to support and build a revolutionary culture. The old ways have failed. There is nothing innate in rock music which promises change. The organization of cultural forms is the key factor in determining the significance of the culture. The monopoly of cultural expression by an elite becomes culture for an elite, or pablum for the masses (witness the state of contemporary theater). Any attempt to revive those old ways will certainly fail again.

I think none of those articles will get written this time. Maybe somebody who reads this will write one.

\*\*\*\*\*

It has stopped raining. The jam session downstairs just split for One's A Meal. Bill (who lives next door) came in and said that everybody is pissed at us — actually not everybody, but some people who are usually friends — because (correct me if I'm wrong) we're provoking people to all sorts of violent actions (or at least supporting them) when what's needed at this point is that everybody should cool it so we don't lose everything we've got. Also, some of those people are upset at being called Culture Vultures, which is understandable.

Sometimes, I'm sorry I did that — especially about the Sonic people who I think are not making much money and simply have different ideas about what needs to be done. Other times, like when I see them hassling people outside a concert, I don't feel so bad.

The point is some of those people have good intentions (some don't; some have money and want more), but they've become so familiar with the necessity for compromise that they begin to think of things which are merely hard as being impossible. After a while, they may even forget what it was they started out to do. Also, they may fall prey to the Great Amerikan Disease, which equates bigness with goodness. I'm sure there are other pitfalls, but those are three that happen to come to mind.

Of course, everybody makes compromises. If

Cont. on 19

## a promoter replies

Gentlemen:

I appreciate your full reprint of my letter on the recent Traffic Concert. Needless to say, I couldn't disagree more though with that infantile and absurd "review" of the occurrences that night, that you saw fit to give so much space and attention to.

The reckless, shallow and obviously neophyte writer of that review has got to have one of the most far fetched and distorted memories and mind of anyone I have yet read on your staff. Where in the hell did you find him? — Is he a Abbie Hoffman reject? — Or even better I would guess he is probably the local honcho of that great and powerful press-releasing-give-em-hell Yippie chapter that so profoundly made their presence known at the July 11th show.

As their release said, and it smacked of the same culture-culture BS you push, that Houston's majority would really show the imperialist promoters a thing or two on Saturday night. They really had everyone shaking, I'm sure.

Unfortunately, your yippie buddies speak loudly but carry little or no stick. Even the local garbage protestors can raise a bigger stink than the Yips did.

Where were they? With all that big talk we could of expected at least a sign or two from them, even if they decided they couldn't crumble the walls as proclaimed.

Maybe they already found a place of their own — you'll probably fill everyone in on that I presume.

Yes, Space City, amongst all the local Hip media, has sorrowfully again taken the wrong side at the wrong time and you alone stood there and proclaimed the end of the promoters, free concerts etc. and yet you couldn't muster enough support to raise a smirk from the true Hip people in this community.

Assuredly you have little or no communication with anyone here, other than a few punks, gate crashers and genuine misfits, that you briskly defend as the "people."

Why don't you really get with the people here and do what is expected of you? Print the truth as it is, and not the paranoid putdowns of anything you can't compete with, understand or communicate with as is your case now. Nobody can believe your continual attacks on practically everything here except for the very few things that seem to please you. Lets see, in your latest issue you hailed the efforts of Mexicans at getting a Jack-in-the-Box manager fired and a release of charges against some TSU blacks, who were "victims" of a vicious pig attack on campus a couple of years ago. Good grief, those are really big breakthroughs for you.

You have really got to be the all time champion of lost causes, hopeless misfits, oppressed criminals, innocent drug addicts, "peaceful" yippies, downtrodden black killers and your most recent defense: Houston's small but truly courageous, magnificent, daring, martyred, clever, deserving and violent gate crashers. Undoubtedly, you would defend someone's rights who would enter your office and destroy your presses. That would probably come under your advocacy of "freedom of expression."

There's not much more to say but I hope you and the yippies don't let your success go to your heads; by that I mean just because you have struck fear into all of the Houston promoters, police and establishment, don't abuse it. We now know the power you command and how the Hip people harken to your call, so you have to carry your heavy responsibility in a cool and unassuming manner. I'm leaving right now to go down and help the thousands clean up the aftermath of your "great uprising" of last Saturday night and I hear the early estimates of your damage to the building and the fear you have instilled in the promoters of this area is astounding.

Please let up before you take over everything. Yuk, Yuk Yippies.

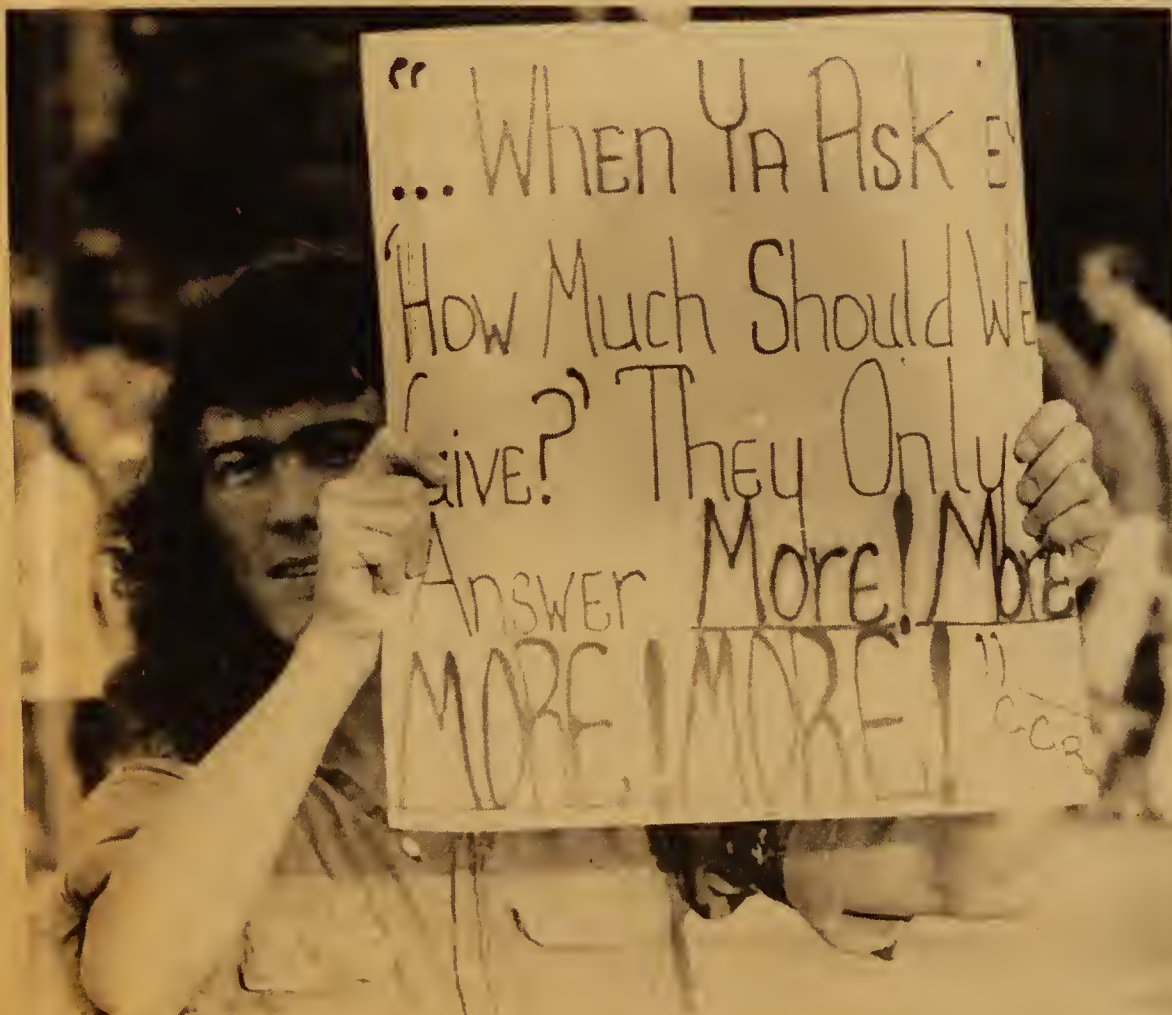
Very truly yours,  
Richard C. Ames  
5051 Westheimer, Suite 580  
Houston

[Richard Ames is head of Ames Productions, which was a co-promoter of the Traffic concert.]

††††††††††

There are no "gentlemen" on the Space City! staff, Mr. Ames.

—The Collective



Outside the Creedence Concert.

All Creedence photos (including cover) by Bill Metzler.



WOODSTOCK NATION: a book review

# hippie nationalism

(Vintage, \$2.95, 154 paperback)

by Jomo Raskin  
LIBERATION News Service

Abbie Hoffman is a good trip. He's an up. There's a bad moon rising and Abbie holds up a storm lamp. In *Woodstock Nation* he raps about bad trips, about down, about bad acid, bad scenes, but he comes out with fists clenched, head up, charging ahead ready to fight PIG NATION with indignation. You close the book and see Abbie sitting there hunched over, curly hair covering his face, his big nose out a mile, smiling, giving some PIG the finger. It's either the finger or the clenched fist.

Like Abbie says, this "has been an awkward time of anxieties and doubts." People feel their heads have been turned inside out. The Movement is fragmenting. It's a Nation of splits, breakups, crack-ups. What do we do?

*Woodstock Nation* begins at rock-bottom with suicide, all suicides, and particularly Lenny Bruce's suicide. All the suicide victims in the morgue, Abbie tells us, have a strange grin, "The Shit-Eatin Grin" on their faces. It's that grin in the face of death and desolation which Abbie offers. But he offers more. By the end of the book he puts out a different sound. The drummer is beating out the sound of revolution:

*Tear down the walls, motherfucker.  
Kick out the jams, motherfucker.  
We want the world and we want it  
NOW!*

The reason Abbie has the blues, the reason he's got anxieties, as the shrink would say, is that Woodstock is a mind-blower. Woodstock is an enigma. Abbie's got an "amity-enmity attitude" toward the whole rock world. How do you relate to youth culture? How do you relate culture to politics? How do you get from rock to revolution? That's what Abbie is asking. What he wants to know about Woodstock is:

*Were we pilgrims or lemmings?  
Was this really the beginning of a  
new civilization or the symptom of  
a dying one? Were we establishing a  
liberated zone or entering a deten-  
tion camp?*

Abbie sees the Fascist boot marching in the distance, coming closer and closer, getting bigger and bigger. He's not about to let it walk over him. The question is how to stop it.

He isn't out to fight the people. He's not going to call hippies pigs, put a gun to their heads and demand a choice immediately for or against the third world. He's not into serving hippies either; he's not ready to pamper them. He wants the Woodstock Nation to become a revolutionary nation. He hasn't given up, not yet. He thinks those 400,000 pilgrims can be organized, that they can become the pioneers of a new civilization, rather than the victims of this old one.

Abbie calls himself a cultural revolutionary. With a little help from Chairman Mao and The Red Book,



Petty bourgeois anarchists on ego trip

*An army without culture is a dull-witted army, and a dull-witted army cannot defeat the enemy,*

he attacks the revolutionaries who refuse to organize around the oppression of white youth, and who don't relate to youth culture. Abbie is confident that white youth will make their own revolution. When they're hassled for long hair or drugs they'll realize a radical change is needed. They, like the blacks and Vietnamese, will fight the PIGS of the world. Abbie is down on Mark Rudd. He says that "the reason SDS couldn't relate to Woodstock Nation was because they saw the people as worthless which of course means they see themselves as worthless which is mighty weird and no fun at all."

Now, because of this view Abbie gets himself into an awkward situation. He says of the Conspiracy 8 trial,

*When I appear in the Chicago courtroom I want to be tried not because I support the National Liberation Front - which I do - but because I have long hair. Not because I support the Black Liberation Movement, but because I smoke dope.*

But he also feels that he and his co-conspirators are "guilty of a vast conspiracy. A conspiracy pitted against the war in Vietnam and the government that still perpetuates that war, against the oppression of black communities, against the harassment of our cultural revolution... what we are for, quite simply, is total revolution." Abbie wants to be tried for long hair and dope because Woodstock Nation is found guilty on those counts. He wants to be with and among his people. He doesn't want to be isolated or cut off from them. And more than anybody else, he senses where the people's heads are at.

Abbie wants politics and culture to fuse. He wants to stand with the Panthers, to protest the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale, and also to live in Woodstock Nation. Abbie lives in two Nations. He's divided. He wants Mark Rudd to take off his Weatherman disguise and reveal his hippie garb underneath. He wants the acid-rock kids to reject pacifism and dig struggle. "The revolution," he says, "is more than digging rock or turning on. The revolution is about coming together in a struggle for change. It's about the destruction of a system based on bosses and competition and the building of a new community based on people and co-operation."

Abbie wants men and women to carry a gun over one shoulder, and a guitar over the other. But when he faces Woodstock Nation the joint and the electric guitar are up front. Abbie holds back part of himself, he holds back the Abbie who supports the Black Liberation Movement. To the

rock generation he sells himself short. Abbie says, "give the people what they want."

But the revolutionary is a locomotive. He's ahead of the train, out in front. It's his task to bring the rest of the cars along with him, not to let the weight of the caboose hold him and the whole train back.

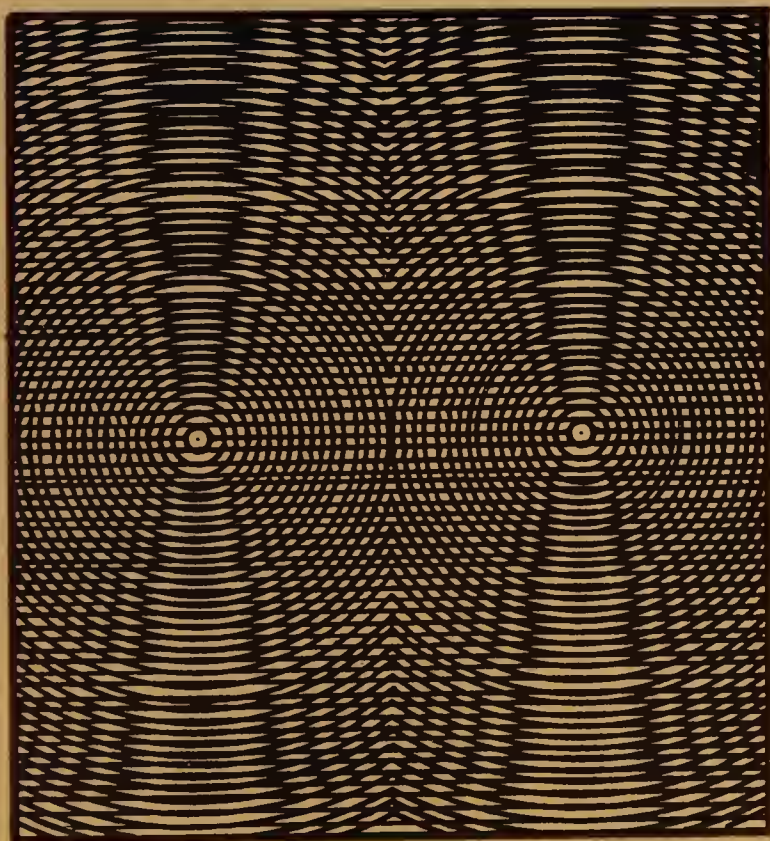
Abbie doesn't say much about black culture. He talks about PIG NATION and WOODSTOCK NATION, but he doesn't say much about WHITE NATION and BLACK NATION. To talk about youth culture and rock without talking about black culture is to leave the grass out of the joint. We're sucking in air. Youth culture and rock grow out of black culture, out of jazz, soul, blues. Janis, the Beatles, the Stones, Creedence, have a life line to black music. Eldridge Cleaver is the father of cultural revolution in the USA. *Soul On Ice* is the red book of the American cultural revolution. From the Panthers and Cleaver, hippies and yuppies take the idea of a nation, of national liberation, of conflict, and armed struggle.

Abbie is right, the youth will make the revolution. As Huey P. Newton says, "the hippie rebellion" is developing a new culture." Rock supplies the energy, people give the power. Abbie is looking forward to Woodstock 1970. But he knows that more Woodstocks like last year's aren't the answer. More of us coming together to smoke grass and dig Janis and the Band doesn't make the revolution. At Woodstock hundreds of thousands of white kids were allowed to smoke grass. They weren't hassled or busted. The walls didn't come tumbling down.

There's a conflict between the generations, but it isn't a death conflict necessarily. Cops and teachers jail kids, but they also co-opt and exploit their culture. The youth culture is a billion dollar market. Madison Avenue and Wall Street want to fondle it, possess it and control it. Rather than destroy youth culture, big business wants to cultivate it in its own commercial hot house, shorn of its political roots and revolutionary flowering.

It looks like the new white youth culture might manage to exist within the walls of the old city without destroying it. Woodstock was a double-edged sword - a victory for us, and for the masters of oppression. It cuts us and them.

So, Abbie, we're for "soulful socialism," we're for drugs, rock, Janis, Creedence, Communes, but we're also for armed struggle, for the international revolution. The Festival we need isn't another Woodstock. We need a Revolution, for "Revolution is a Festival of the exploited and oppressed." It's the Nation of Revolution that needs founding now.



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# CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT?

Q: What is going to happen to the guys who are 1-A-0 in the lottery call?

A: To backtrack a little for those who might not be familiar with 1-A-0 — it's the classification given to guys who have requested and received a conscientious objector status but who are willing to do their alternate service under the direction of the military. Though they do not participate directly in the violence, they do not feel it violates their consciences to be medics or clerks or whatever. The military pledges not to train them in weapons, etc., and usually ends up using them in the hospitals, though they might see front line duty as chaplains' assistants, or somesuch.

Now to answer your specific question. If you are classified as 1-A-0, you are called for this duty along with other "draftees" of your lottery number. So that if your birthday is number 191 in the lottery, and you are 1-A-0, then you will be requested to start your service at the same time guys of that lottery number get inducted. If you were born before 1951, use last year's numbers; if turning 19 in 1970, use the numbers assigned this month.

Q: I should be called any day now for my physical. I have done several different drugs in the last few years and find that I am sometimes having acid flashbacks. Would they give me a deferment if I told them about this?

A: Just what I like — neat simple questions with complicated long answers. Mainly, why should they believe you? A thousand freaks a day go through physicals and a lot of them say things like that and the army doctors, in the good ol' establishment tradition, won't touch anything that doesn't have proof, records of treatment, or else obvious defects (like a missing thumb).

If you are having head troubles of any type and expect to try for defer-

ment on these grounds, then you must show the army that it has been bothering you a long time (not just since you were asked to take a physical). In other words, a "documented history" of troubles. There's no way to hope they'll simply believe your word. All they have to do is say "prove it" and draft you if you can't prove it. So... be able to prove it. Shrinks are most believable, but so are parents and other "responsible" people who may have been around when you flashed.

Q: You have talked a lot about Canada as a way to avoid the draft. But what about guys who are already in? Isn't it true that the only place safe to desert to is Sweden? I heard guys deserting to Canada were turned over to the feds.

A: NO-NO DEFINITELY NOT!!!! Canada is absolutely safe for all war resisters. The only difference is that guys deserting (AWOL over 30 days) are criminals here, while those fleeing to avoid being drafted can do it more openly and take their time.

Canadian immigration officials are good people usually — the Canadian law makes no differentiation between dodgers and deserters. But here in the States, they do, and so while the guy is still in the States he has to be careful not to get caught deserting. But once he is over that border, he's free. He sees no American authorities going into Canada, and if he is prepared mentally for the crossing, he should have no more trouble than buying a ticket for a ball game.

If anyone out there is a deserter, obviously find out as much information as possible about the advantages and consequences of your act. There are places to write to, people here to call. Deserter groups are in all major Canadian cities; addresses of a couple are:

TORONTO AMERICAN DESERTERS COMMITTEE (HELLO TONY!!!)  
75 Huntley Street  
Toronto, Ontario CANADA  
(— they're very good people. They need money!!)  
MONTREAL AMERICAN DESERTERS COMMITTEE  
(Hi Larry!!)  
102 Villeneuve East  
Montreal, Quebec Canada

That's it for this week folks, send in questions, get back answers.

peace 'n freedom,  
Judy

## CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO

# HIGH SCHOOL FORECAST

As high school students and recent graduates we came together in Chicago June 22-27 for the National High School Conference, the purpose of which no one was really sure of. Some people there wanted to see the formation of a national student organization of some sort; others were against this idea for fear that it would become too bureaucratic and elitist as many national organizations tend to do. Also many felt that such an organization was not what is needed next year for the high school movement.

The high school underground press was represented there by more than a few people although they were in no way truly representative of the thousands of high school undergrounds around the country. There were a large percentage of high school women present who had a decisive voice in the conference (a good sign, since the movement, especially in high schools, is usually male-dominated) but there were only a few blacks and Chicanos. In short, Third World people were almost totally absent. So in many ways the people who did show up were not really a representative cross-section of high school youth.

The idea of a national organization was never really accepted, the problems of individual high schools being so diverse that such an organization, it was felt, wouldn't be helping anyone but the administrators. What did happen was that a program was drawn up outlining some of the things high school people are struggling for. Among them were community control of the schools, an end to racism and the exploitation of women and the defeat of U.S. imperialism because, as the program said, there can be no decent education under our present economic system. The program also demanded decent low-cost housing, inexpensive food and medical care and child-care centers to serve the needs of the community of which high school youth are a part. It also called for the support of all revolutionary struggles around the world and made particular note of the repression of the Black Panthers, the Vietnamese people and Latin Americans, all of whom are victims of United States "democracy."

The program, however, was more of a reflection of how these people were thinking and feeling than it was a strict outline for all high school liberation struggles to follow.

The high school underground press, it was felt, needs to be more sophisticated and able to reach more people. CHIPS (the Co-operative High School Independent Press Service) is a network of high school underground papers that has already been going for over a year, and a news service for high schools is also being started now. Both these groups, which will be located in Houston, will help high school undergrounds to become more effective.

The most valuable and important thing to come out of the conference, many people seemed to think, was that we were able to come together, even if on a limited scale, and make friends and share a sense of solidarity with each other which is so crucial to any struggle in order for it to be successful.

The whole feeling that pervaded the conference was one of confidence, that this coming year is going to be the American high school's most militant ever and that high school youth *do* have the power to strike a strong blow against the Monster here in Amerika. Seize the Time!

—Harrell

Interested in making things happen next year in Houston's high schools? See back page in Space-In.

# A REPRIEVE FOR ACID TIM?

by don gardner

Only a few hours before the last Space City! deadline we learned that a group in California called Holding Together had plans to come to Texas to demonstrate and therefore bring public attention to the bail bond hearing for Dr. Tim Leary.

That hearing, before Judge Ben Connally, has not yet been set. The Judge could set it any day now.

Holding Together is the organization formed as a defense fund and committee for Dr. Leary and his son John, who is in prison in California. Leary and his attorney Michael Kennedy have gone all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court in an attempt to get Leary freed on his constitutional right of bail. This has been denied and now they are appealing to Connally, the man who sentenced Leary to 10 years after being caught in Laredo crossing the border with grass.

Holding Together will be organizing the action either in Houston or Austin later this summer. They have asked us to help them find a place for an office for about a week and they have asked us to find a place for the people to camp who they say will be coming from all over the country to take part in the action. We have been told the Hog Farm will be here.

The problem, as was mentioned in the last Space City!, is that Connally may set a date for the hearing a couple of days before the hearing. If he does, we have to be ready to swing into action. If he gives us a couple of weeks the action will probably be a lot of fun and we can all groove to it.

Several things are needed — and the sooner the better. People are needed who want to help. Land for camping is needed badly. One man has donated the use of an old building for people to crash in if necessary — and in Pasadena no less. It would be a lot better if a campin' place could be found — something like 10 acres which is private so we could set up a stage for bands to play.

If you can or want to help call the Switchboard and leave a message for Don. The Switchboard number is 522-9769.

We must begin taking action now.

Here is a statement by Dr. Leary which he made from prison recently:

The spokesmen for the New Life are jailed to silence them for speaking the truth of the New Life. In religion this is the time of rebirth. In politics this is the time of loving revolution. In the study of nature this is the time of Spring. The spokesmen are jailed to test the strength of the New Life.

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# PEOPLES PARTY

Cont. from 3

is of a political nature and the schools don't deal with this type of thing. And if they do, well it's so whitewashed that people still don't get a correct knowledge of what's going on. But really I can't deal too much with the educational system that exists because it was founded to serve one purpose, which is to serve this system. And schools are set up in communities where a certain amount of factory workers come out, a certain amount of people with technical skills come out. And this is a systematic thing — schools serve the system and not the people. And so that's why we say that the schools have to be completely revolutionized so they serve the people and not the system.

This deals with point number five of our platform and program. For instance, the liberation schools plan to bring out and expose the phoney education that our children are exposed to.

*What are your general ideas about the center?*

Due to the way things are happening now in the United States we feel that, well, we're actually way behind here in Houston as far as the movement is concerned. We feel that this center can very well serve the community. This is the whole purpose in an information center — to serve the community. Whatever the people's needs are in the community, well this is what we're going to work towards. And we know that this will stay right in the contents of our platform and program. Because the platform and program deals with the basic needs of our people. This is why we're so concerned about the breakfast program. Even some of the younger kids who have been coming around the center express great desire for the breakfast program to be started. A lot of kids spoke of only eating corn flakes every morning and this type of thing. And they don't have the protein and things in the morning.

Also the information center will be used as a riot control type of thing. We feel that this will be a great service to the community. Because at this point in Houston it wouldn't take but a couple of hours to go out in the community and talk to black folks and see the attitudes they have as far as the conditions they live in and as far as the things that are happening to black people on a day to day basis. Our field marshall James Aron said that he didn't see how Houston could get around



Carl Hampton. Photo by Sue Mithun.

a riot this summer unless something has changed. We don't want to see any type of riot or anything like this happen.

So this is a function that the information center will serve. In keeping our people toned down and, you know, moving spontaneously and getting a lot of people hurt and getting small stores and things in our community destroyed where we have to go to other communities to get food and this type of thing.

It will be like a good term that someone used in Space City paper — like a clearing house — an information clearing house. All of the distortions that the people hear over the media. The power structure has the ability to like program people, with the papers and television and so on. And if they want to start a riot or have a riot started — well they have the equipment to do this. By simply flashing certain things over the TV and showing certain things and simply putting police out in the community. Do things like they're doing now and these are the things that start a riot.

And the riot is exactly what we're going to try to stop. Because we feel that the riot is more to the advantage of the power structure than it is to the people. Because they are prepared and organized to deal with this type of thing.

*Have you been harrassed at all since you've started?*

No. We've been under very close surveillance by the Houston Police Department and the Red Squad, who seem to have a regular route by here every day. But as far as them stopping to check it out, they haven't. I believe they've sent a couple of people over to, you know, take a look inside and see what was going on, but they haven't started any harrassment yet.

We feel that in checking out the history of brothers moving to change conditions in our community that we know that eventually that they feel that we are becoming more and more of a threat to the status quo, well, then they will start their campaign of eliminating our program. But we're not concerned about this and we don't even give it a second thought about what they can do. We take the position that Bobby takes — if we worry about what's going to happen to us and what they're going to do then we won't be able to accomplish anything. So we only worry about what we're going to do and fuck what they're going to do.

*You were asking about the Switchboard earlier. What do you think about that idea in terms of getting information out, and to draw people together, and to get people to start working together?*

I think it's a beautiful thing. It can be very effective. We'd like to have real close communication between the Switchboard and the information center. And any information that we get concerning events in the black community affects the white community and really anybody in all communities.

*Are there specific things you need to get the center going?*

We need as much help as we can get to get the center started. We need tables for children to sit at, we need chairs, folding chairs, we need a couple of large desks, we need filing cabinets, we need a mimeograph machine, we need all types of office equipment for the center. This is the main problem we have at this point, getting the equipment that we need to make the center functional. And we need all types of donations.

Donations can be sent to 1310 Isabella no.1 in the name of Peoples Party .11. Or if you have equipment you want to give us, call Switchboard (522-9769).

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# All Tenants Unite

*Duncantell protecting  
his apartment.*

*Photo by  
Ralph Cooper  
/Voice of Hope.*

## Duncantell Fights Eviction

## Angela Davis Fired Twice

LOS ANGELES (LNS) — A Regents' Committee at the University of California at Los Angeles on June 19 found black philosophy professor Angela Davis "guilty" of making public statements that "ultimately" are "destructive of academic freedom", and, after the campus was already cleared for summer vacation, fired her for the second time this year.

Davis, who is a member of the Communist Party, was fired last September after her membership in the Party was revealed by an undercover FBI agent in the UCLA student newspaper. The L.A. Superior Court over-turned the action of the Board of Regents, on the grounds that a Supreme Court ruling declared it unconstitutional to fire anyone because of Communist Party membership.

But the Regents were not finished yet. They then ordered the UCLA chancellor not to issue the usually automatic reappointment papers until they could find another reason to fire the black professor. At the same time, the faculty of UCLA voted to pay her salary through contributions and to keep her teaching on campus.

Then the Regents moved again. An ad hoc committee was formed at a June 8 meeting of the UCLA Regents to look into the charges filed against Davis. The charges were that: 1) Angela Davis "utilized her position in the classroom for the purpose of indoctrinating students;" 2) that her "extra university commitments and activities interfered with her duties as a member of the faculty", and that 3) "her commitment to a concept of academic freedom which substantiates the first two charges would ultimately be destructive of that essential freedom itself."

The committee found it impossible to prove her guilty of the first two charges after all the statements to the contrary by students, faculty members, and even some administrators. The Philosophy Dept. voted to retain her, the Dean of the College said that she should be reappointed, and the budget committee stated that there was certainly enough money to pay for her position.

The rationale for her firing that the Regents finally concocted was based on four off-campus speeches Davis gave in which she "does not hesitate to attack the motives, methods and conclusions of those with whom she disagrees."

On July 1, Angela Davis filed suit in Federal District Court in an effort to win her job back. But any further action in the case of the black Communist may have to wait until September, when students return to their embattled UCLA campus.

Repression against those who speak out in Houston takes many forms. Ovide Duncantell, leader of the Central Committee for the Protection of Poor People, is being evicted from his apartment. At a hearing in Pasadena July 10, Judge C.E. Thompson supported the eviction order issued by Duncantell's landlord, Jack Gross (A.C. Investment Co.).

Gross claimed that Duncantell has been late in paying his rent several times and that he is several weeks late on this month's rent. Duncantell pointed out that he had tried to pay his rent and the manager would not accept it. He said that the rent was due on a Monday; he tried to pay it then with a check and was told to come back with cash. On Wednesday he returned with cash and was told that he couldn't pay the rent because he had been evicted.

Duncantell tried to pursue the real reason for his eviction in the hearing. He asked Gross if the political activities of the Committee for the Protection of Poor People had anything to do with the eviction. He mentioned that the Committee had pressured the city to repair McLean St., which runs adjacent to the apartments, and that the city's work on the road had supposedly raised taxes on the apartments. He said the manager told one of the tenants that this was the reason for a recent rent increase. Gross claimed that none of this had anything to do with the eviction, that he just wants to reclaim his apartment and that's his right.

Judge Thompson said he "sympathized" with Duncantell's situation, but the law is the law, and if the owner wants to reclaim his property he has every right to do so. This is not an unusual decision in Texas. The law and the courts here are totally biased in the landlord's favor. The landlord essentially has the right to evict anyone anytime without having to show any reason.

Duncantell plans to appeal the decision.

In addition to the apartments at 4404 Bellfort, where Duncantell lives, A.C. Investment Co. owns nine other apartment buildings in black communities. Duncantell hopes that the brothers and sisters in all the apartments will join him in the fight against his eviction and the absolute power of the slumlord over poor people's lives.

**"M.A.S.H."**  
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**SINCE**  
**SOUND**  
**CAME**  
**IN!"**

—Pauline Kael,  
New Yorker



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## DUMP...

Cont. from 4  
ested individuals. Walter works in the area and offered to help.

When they arrived, a realtor at one of the offices said: "We don't like organizations here. If you are arrested, you are on your own."

They left the office for the dump, and found the area covered with pigs, most of them talking to the protestors. When Yolanda tried to join in, the pigs moved away and the women were cold to the point of open hostility.

At this point, Walter took up a sign and joined the pickets. A man moved into the line behind him and said between clenched teeth; "If you don't get your ass out of here, I'm going to kick it out. We're ashamed to have you and these people here."

Mykawa, by contrast, is a stable residential area composed basically of three sub-divisions, with practically no real estate activity. Two of the subdivisions are predominately white, one black. They surround a large park. Contrary to the information promulgated by the city and the press, the Mykawa

dump was not to be built on a prison farm. It was to be built in the middle of F.M. Law Park, a park the city has yet to develop for the residents.

In the beginning there was practically no organization to the Mykawa protest, certainly no leadership by real estate types. Perhaps more important, from the beginning blacks and whites worked together, with blacks assuming positions of leadership as organization developed. Mykawa was not a radical move against the system, but it was a spontaneous action by black and white neighbors to stop a dump in their backyard.

What if either group had been all blacks? Who can picture a group of pigs sitting down and shooting the shit with a group of black or Chicano protesters?

At Mykawa, the fire chief and our friend Herman Short brought the good news of cancellation to the crowd and received roaring applause. All seemed to forget that earlier that day one word from the mayor would have had Short and his pigs kicking asses all over the park.

Can you picture Herman declaring solidarity with the ghetto or barrio? Hardly. By sending his pigs into middle-class areas with kid gloves and smiles, Welch has tried to further divide the city on class lines.

The people of Mykawa got together and beat the garbage. Let's hope they can stay together and pressure the city to develop their park. And let's especially hope success doesn't blind the people of Mykawa to the fact that the same power structure that tried to dump on them remains ready to do so again. Stay together!



It is not the same at our house without you. I need you, Lori. Vicki and Todd miss you. PLEASE CALL HOME 443-0360. I love you, Mother

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# MORE LETTERS

Cont. from 2

In the future, when possible, let us work for a transit system that really serves the community instead of robbing and raping it.

Keep up the work, for Space City! is surely a beacon of hope in a dark sea of confusion and bad vibes. You know, two years ago all people could do with Houston was get the fuck out of it. Now people are starting to stay here and do something! Great! Tear down the walls, motherfuckers!

Gobbler  
Houston

P.S. Thanks to that black bus driver that picked me up late one night or so ago and let me on free. Gave me a cigarette. Coulda saved me life. Dig it!

## Mr X: Off Your Ass

Dear Space City,

Re Mr. X's sermon on the classification of white college students. I found it just a little bit too conceited and cynical to agree with your commentary on it. I mean, if I want to follow the ravings of a self-proclaimed revolutionary, I'll read Jerry Rubin or something.

Your letter made some sense on the sociology bit, but when this guy says that idealism eats shit and then signs off with "love and struggle" and calls himself "a brother" - that's just too much man!

Like most of the really hard-core revolutionary types I know, he talks too much to get anything done. Sure, it's great running around spouting Marxist idioms and waving Mao's Quotat-

ions. Swell. Groovy. But just try to put all that philosophy into action. Like most of the members of the extreme leftist group (into which he obviously places himself), he can't get a damn thing done. It is up to the John Carrolls and Charlie Duncans to get anything accomplished.

And as for the hard imperatives of history, show me one revolution (besides, strangely enough, India) where the impact was permanent and there is no need to counter-revolt.

Idealistic or not, the JFK-Martin L. King stuff is appealing to a lot more people than this revolution crap simply because it offers a workable plan whose goal is a better society, not a pile of ashes.

So my message to Mr. X is this: get off your pedestal and own up. Stop talking and start working for a change. Make someone in the world glad you're in it.

Peace,  
Carter Thompson  
Houston

India??  
-The Collective



## Critical Support Or Nasty Review?

Space City and Dennis Fitzgerald,

Its your review, Dennis. Or rather, its your "critical support" of *It's Your*

*World, Noah* that bothers me. You should have made up your mind and kept with what you had decided to do - "critical support," not "nasty review." Instead, you gave a "nasty review" and it was the worst kind that isn't even a review at all. You played I don't agree with the tiny details of your philosophy, so here's mine.

The run of *It's Your World, Noah* at the Houston Room of the University of Houston's University Center was intense with the magic of true ensemble co-operation, which isn't an everyday happening in the theatre. If only you had noticed that, then you could have really done some supporting without fear of bending any of your philosophy.

Becky Evans  
Houston

## Don't Cool It - Liberate It

Dear Space City,

I am a bit surprised that Space City would even print such a silly letter. To sum it up in a few words, if we all behave ourselves like ladies and gentlemen, they will give the park back to us. This is ridiculous; they did not close the park because of dope-smoking or wine-drinking. They did it because in our last big fling at Milby we showed them our strength.

We filled the park to overflowing with freaks of all sizes, shapes, descriptions and political philosophies. This kind of thing scares the illustrious city fathers (mothers). To follow their line of thinking, if they can get that many people to come out and just listen to music; think what they could do if they got organized! *This* is why they closed the park.

Now, we have half the battle won; we have the element of fear on our

side. Are we going to buckle under to their demands? Let me remind you, once this sort of thing gets started, it snowballs. Next thing you know, they would be figuring out a dress code; and they'd have us right back in line - their line. The park is for the people; let's take it back. Let's stand up and fight for what we want.

"THE GROUND YOU ARE STANDING ON IS A LIBERATED ZONE, DEFEND IT!"

Carol Burkhardt  
Kemah, Tex.

## Write On, Milby

To the public:

Milby Park needs your support. The vast majority of the letters received by the City Fathers concerning Milby have been written by irate parents and people opposed to free music sponsored by the city. Please, write the Houston City Council and tell them you want the park to continue, with emphasis on live entertainment. We need your help. You have no idea how much influence this sort of thing can have. Help if you can.

Thank you,  
Sunshine Collage

## Be Cool, Says Iris

Dear Space City, Collective:

I am writing you in regards to Ronnie Bond's article in your last issue.

I'm sure that your newspaper is open to suggestions, whether or not they are printed.

Cont. on 18

2435 University Blvd.  
"In the Village"  
529-6731

SAT NAM  
"Truth is  
Thy Name"

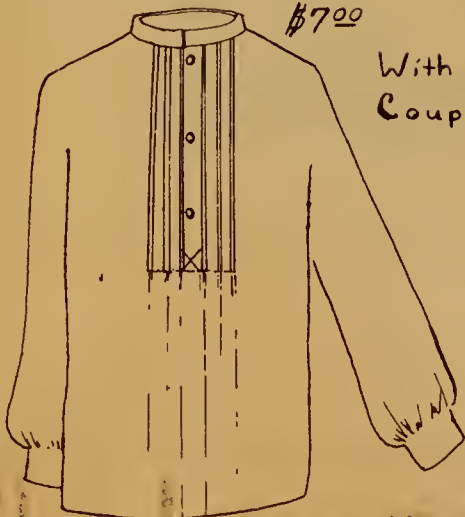
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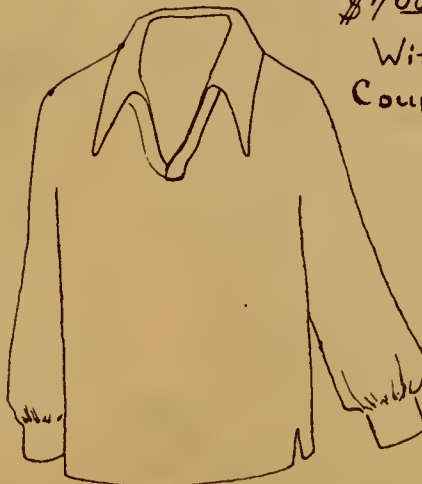
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AND STILL  
MORE LETTERS

Cont. from 17

At any rate, I've been reading your articles from the beginning and I, like many, believe your approach to the public is definitely on the right track.

Let's face it, the long hairs (the majority of them anyway) are gonna dig just about anything you put down; assuming that you've got it together and you know how to tell it. Now, you're trying to reach the "straights" and the older generation through your articles, and man - they are up tight concerning politics and government situations. This could be a breakthrough for you, if you say and print the right things concerning these issues. So far, you've printed really far-out articles with the exception of Ronnie Bond's. I can dig his attitude but it's not the attitude that will get us places.

For one thing - America does not suck out hard, its just some of the people that suck, and these are the ones we're trying to reach. We're not going to reach them by ranking down on them.

America is our home, this is where we will live when freedom does reign. Why burn the flag that represents our goals? The hypocritical long hair that does these things and practices violence and harsh words is just one of those that keeps the heat on and makes that gap just a little bigger each time.

Why not cool it, and practice the real way to reach people. That is, leave the pigs alone, when they bust you for I.D. or hassle the guys about long hair. Take it in stride, you'll most likely get out of it if you prove you're just a peace loving freak. Then do things like writing to Space City to express

your opinion; or joining some organization that knows where it's at, making sure, of course, the people behind it are on our side and not the communists. This way there won't be any violence anyway, because peace is where its really at and "hip" people know this. At any rate - this way we're proving that we've got sense, and our opinions and changes will be accepted a lot faster in this manner. PEACE.

Thank you.  
Iris Aldridge (Taurus)

Concerts West:  
Yecch!

Space City! -

Why is it that nothing is ever said about the shows put on by Concerts West of Dallas? Tickets to see one known group, The Who, ranged from \$4-\$6. Also, Jimi Hendrix tickets were priced the same.

A.D.  
Houston

Free  
the Germs

Dear Vicke from Humble,

Your letter says you don't dig the Dirt Revolution because of all the disease and germs. Thanks for bringing this up: I need to clarify that issue if Dirt is to become central to our lives.

What you've gotta remember is that Dirt need not contain germs, and that rats and roaches need not carry disease. Germs, rats, and roaches are God's



creatures, too. I propose that germs and vermin be given isolated, protected colonies in which to live and reproduce themselves. (Some people say that we should do this with the Blacks, but I wouldn't carry it that far.) My idea is that it would be a damn mean thing to eradicate all the pestelential creatures who, just like Man, have been evolving for millions of years - just as it would be a crime to stamp out the more beautiful ones like the egrets and whooping cranes and warblers.

I appreciate your reaction to my letter; but you'd better do some thinking before you call people "vulgar."

Yours in trash,  
Pete Cerdito

Expose  
the Reds

Dear Space City!:

The next time a little old lady, or a concave-bellied construction worker, or fiery fundamentalist, or rampaging rightist, or just any general perpetrator of conventional wisdom calls you a Commie or a Marxist by-product, tell him about the most recently discovered, but quite aged aspect of the Red Conspiracy. Those sneaky Bolsheviks!

For years, they've sent their dupe-makers into this country under the guise of ardent anti-communists and they've trained the local socialist to do the same-scream about the threat of Commie Dominoes while perpetrating its dogma. What better cover for a Russky than that of an anti-Russky? Why, they're so devious it boggles the imagination!

I hope everyone finds it in their hearts to do their duty and expose this method of the Red Conspiracy for what it really is-an up-till-now unassailable haven for Commie anarchists right in our midst!

Write down the names of those people that seem all too willing to put the Revolution down at the drop of a ruble, but for God's sake, don't send it to J. Edgar Hoover or Spiro Agnew. They know already.

From America, with love,  
S.V. Zetti

Send a Joint  
to Dick

Brothers;

A couple of issues back you had a letter from a dude that wanted to have a smoke-in in Houston to try and get marijuana legalized. I have an idea on the subject. I think a "Send a Joint to the President" campaign would be groovy. If everyone who could spare one would send a joint to president Nixon, maybe he'd realize just how many of us there are and give the matter some thought.

I'm going to send him one anyway. Who knows? He might even smoke it.

Peace  
Steve

TAKE A TRIP IN THE COUNTRY WITH AREA CODE 615.



YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK.

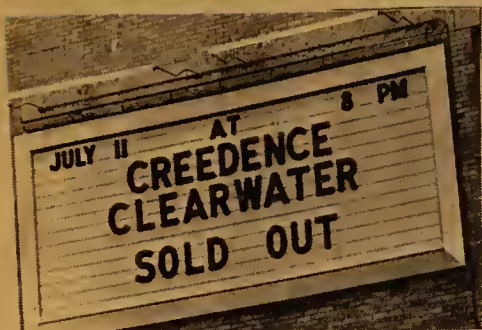
These famous Nashville cats have returned—with the solid good music that reigned in their first LP. Make no mistake about it, these boys can play. And on their second album for Polydor, they've come up with sophisticated instrumentals that do things to country, rock, rhythm and blues you've never heard done before. *Trip In The Country* has everything.

Country strings. Crusty vocals. Flutes and French horns. All, solid good music superbly performed by some of the best studio men in the world. Take a trip in the country with Ken Buttrey, David Briggs, Mac Gayden, Charlie McCoy, Elliot Mazer, Wayne Mass, Weldon Myrick, Narbert Putnam, Buddy Spicher and Bobby Thompson. You may never come back.



Polydor Records, Cassettes and 8-Track Cartridges are distributed in the USA by Polydor Inc.; in Canada by Polydor Records Canada Ltd.





Cont. from 11

you didn't you couldn't eat or wear clothes or stay out of jail for more than a half hour probably. But if you're honest, you have certain basic premises that you will try very hard not to compromise. And I think maybe that's central to a lot of the problem here.

When I ask some of those honest people (promoters or musicians) what they're doing, they say they want people to be able to hear good music and they are concerned about the ticket prices and are currently trying one thing or another to get them lowered.

Other people have other premises. For instance, that the way you get there is as important as what you've got when you get there. (Because you're never *there*; you're always *getting there*, you know?) In this case, that means a couple of things. First, that buying a merchandised piece of San Francisco or someplace else is no substitute for getting it together here. None of the supposedly "progressive" scenes made it by buying it from someplace else; they grew their own stuff. Second, that depending on a local version of the national rock-business structure to do it for us is gonna result in nothing but more rip-offs, because that's the way that system works.

Probably those honest people I mentioned above would agree with both of those (especially the first), but would say that doesn't contradict what they're doing.

But, given Houston's situation, importing so many national groups now *does* screw up efforts to develop a local scene. It drains off energy and resources that we need to use here. And it creates the false attitude that the only good music comes from someplace else and costs a lot of money to hear. (If you put every good group that has existed in Houston over the past five years in the Coliseum and charged \$1.50, I bet you wouldn't get over a thousand people to come.)

As for the second thing, there is no way to destroy the rip-off rock business by trying to eat it

up from the inside. At best, you'll only get a stomach ache and maybe you'll lower ticket prices a little. We need to create whole new structures to make a new kind of music, things like music co-ops and unions, and people's record companies, and free concerts. And we can do all these. They have to start out small and grow, but they can happen if a lot of people work at them and if some people use more imagination about how to do things. They can't happen if people are so busy protecting the favors the city gives us that they're afraid to try new ideas.

Some other things that occur to me. There are two rock festivals being prepared for this area, and both look like trouble. The one at Alameda Speedway, "Day of Joy" promoted by Showtime Concerts and Deep Elm Productions, has had a squadron of bad vibes running out in front of it. Mainly the rumor that the Bandidos were going to be doing security at the gates (shades of Altamont!). Deep Elm says that was a lie all along. I heard it from somebody who should know, but probably if it was ever true it isn't any longer because of all the reaction. Still, it makes you wonder what they're trying to do.

The second concert is the one being held near Bastrop. Either this is a mammoth rip-off or the promoters are incredibly naive. Maybe both. Spencer Perskin of Shiva's Head Band says that the woman who is promoting it has never even seen a rock festival. Also that she has a reputation for burning almost everybody in Austin. Nathan Fain at Pacifica called the booking agents for the bands which are supposed to be there and none of them had ever heard of Bastrop, Texas. I wouldn't buy advance tickets to that.

Apparently because of the recent disturbances, neither the city nor the UH will rent their facilities for rock concerts for maybe the rest of the year. This lockout doesn't apply to concerts already booked (Ten Years After and Procul Harem is the only one I know of). One local promoter (because I can't prove it, I won't name him) has reportedly written letters to the city asking for just such a ban. His intent seems to be to blackmail people into good behavior.

Also, Concerts West told us that because of the situation, they weren't going to do any more concerts here "for a while." Because of similar protests against ticket prices, etc., they are also abandoning Vancouver, Portland, Ventura (Calif.), and half a dozen other towns.

For the reasons laid out above, I think a moratorium on bringing in national groups might be a good thing. It might put enough pressure on people to force them into building up our local scene. That position may be destined to become one of the most unpopular since the war in Vietnam. . .

you know where to send the hate mail. If you're interested in working on alternatives, come to the same place.

TOM TURNER  
Folksinger

plays Willie's Pub all week 9-midnite  
Buffalo Bayou Flea Market  
120 Milam NO COVER

## LEE OTIS...

Cont. from 7

*Lee Otis, possibly you've heard about the recent growth of the movement in Houston — the demonstrations against ROTC and the Vietnam war at UH and Rice, the ecology movement, the black community's protest of police brutality to blacks, Houston's Rainbow Coalition. At this point, what can white activists do to support you, and in what direction should they be moving?*

The most that anybody can do at this time is to see that my attorney and the Defense Committee have the necessary funds to fight for me. You know, public opinion in the end will decide my case.

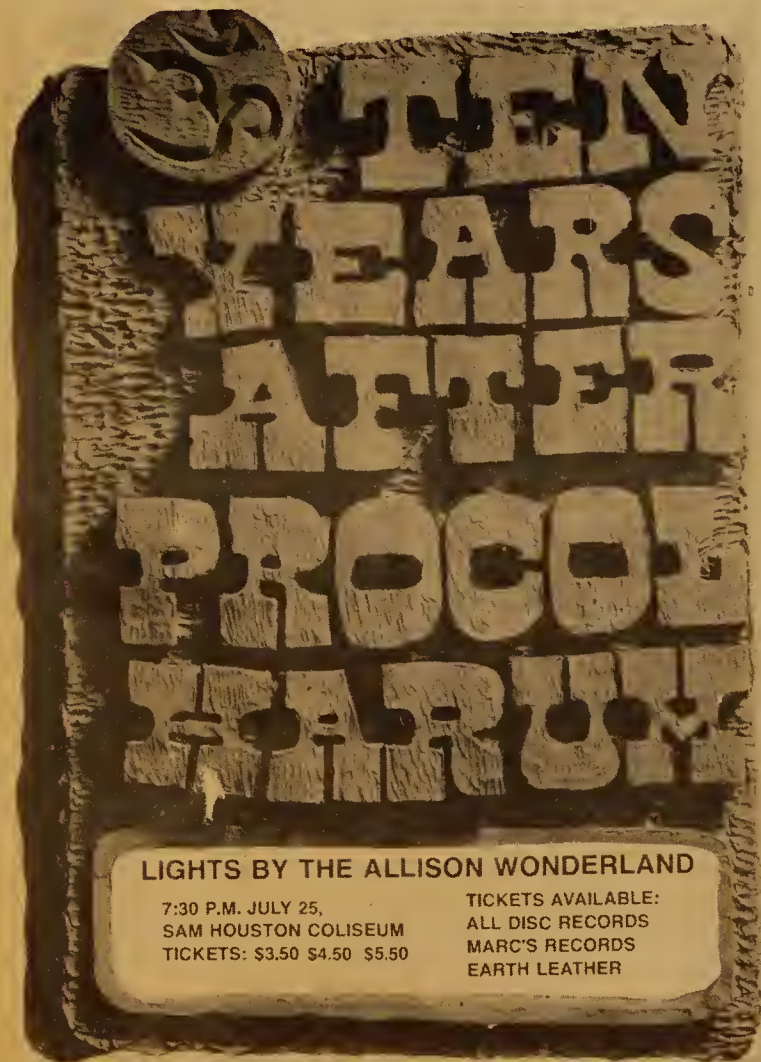
In the last few years, the movement — blacks, browns and whites — has been concentrating too much on fighting the establishment rather than dealing with the people. You know, fighting the system with its weapons, on its grounds — instead of organizing and serving the people. I recognize now that I just scared off most of my base when I was working with SNCC back in '67. I just think people should work hardest on building a base in their own community, right now, living the revolution themselves.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Defense Committee is now out of *Free Lee Otis Now* pins and bumper stickers. If the demand for them increases, they will re-order them and send them to people who have requested them. Funds and letters of support for Lee Otis can be sent to:

Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee  
Box 6524  
Houston, Tx 77005

— Cam (with help from Abbie)





# ONLY

CHICANO MORATORIUM will hold a march on Sunday July 26 (beginning in Hidalgo Park at 70th and Ave Q) and rally to protest US aggression in SE Asia and to bring Chicano GI's home now. Money & labor needed, call 225-4300.

Two people who went to Cuba with the second Venceremos Brigade will show slides and rap about their trip on Sun. July 19 at the Northside People's Center, 1501 Brooks, 4:30 pm. Open to all.

Womens Lib every Thurs nite UH University Center, 7:30 for info call 664-1682.

Houston Socialist Summer School, Fridays at 8 pm UH Student Center San Jacinto Room.

July 17 - A Critical Analysis of the Bolshevik Revolution.

July 24 - Is The Soviet Union Socialistic?  
July 31 - Problems of Building a Revolutionary Party in Amerika.

The Houston Switchboard still needs volunteers and some things like paper, pens, maybe even a coffee pot to keep them through the night. Come by 1217 Wichita to help or call 522-9769.

The National Organization for Women (NOW) is sponsoring an art contest for any medium with theme "Women Are People, Too." All entries by July 22 to B.L. Farley, 6666 Chimney Rock no. 38. Three cash prizes. All work on display at YWCA. July 25 & 26.

Corder's Restaurant, Fairview and Hazard. Cuban food, \$1 special. Also, Cuban import store.

Espiritu Institute offers Encounter Group Sessions every Friday at 7:30 pm. Free intro. 2nd Thurs every month, 7:30.

The Aquarian Bookstore, right next to the Alley Theater and below Pacifica. Hard to find books.

A SUMMER OF CHILDREN at the Art Museum. from private collections. Show closes Aug. 29.

First Pagan Church Services. Saturday at 7:30 pm, Sunday at 1:30 pm (nude). 903 Welch.

Military Law workshop/conference at UH University Center, Aug 1 - 2. Sponsored by the Military Law Project of the Southern Legal Action Movement. Speakers will include Ken Cloke, Tim Coulter and Stanley Faulkner of the National Lawyers Guild. Check with Switchboard (522-9769) for room number and times of meetings.

Produce brokers tell us that there are union table grapes coming into almost all of Houston's supermarkets from Arizona, the main brands are "Barbara Lee" and "Sweet & Juicy." Watch for the union label (black Aztec eagle & "Farmworkers AFL-CIO") and demand that your grocer buy only union grapes. The Houston Food Co-op now stocks union grapes - patronize your local Food Co-op, Austin at Cleburne, 522-5282 evenings.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS by the Theater under the Stars. Miller Theater; Herman Park. Probably around 7:30 or so, July 21 - 25 FREE!!!

UH FILM SERIES Fridays, 8 pm Library Aud at UH \$.50.

July 17 - CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED  
July 31 - TWO WOMEN

Aug 7 - HOUR OF THE WOLF

Alley's Second Summer Film Festival: All tickets \$1.50.

WITCHRAFT THROUGH THE AGES

July 16 - 8:30 pm  
July 17 - 7:30-9:30 pm

THE BLUE ANGEL (Sternberg)

July 18 - 7:30-9:30 pm

July 19 - 7:30 pm

CITIZEN KANE (Welles)

July 21 & 22 - 8:30 pm

THE GOLD RUSH (Chaplin)

July 23 - 8:30 pm

July 24 - 7:30-9:30 pm

SPACE-IN listings are FREE. If you have a happening to list, Call Chris at 526-6257 or send it to us at 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Serve The People!

# space in

In order to make Houston's Hi-Skool movement a successful one this coming year, we need to begin planning NOW. Such things as high school underground papers, a high school office, a coffee shop, women's groups and other organizations, all these and more need to be talked about soon - any ideas? A get together to meet people and discuss the general situation & possibilities for next year will be held Thursday July 23 at 7614 Braes Meadow, for more info call Switchboard at 522-9769.

# media

PACIFICA - KPFT - FM - 90.1

Fridays 7:30 pm - THE SPACE CITY! COLLECTIVE SHOW

On July 17, Green Arrow interviews two members of the Second Venceremos Brigade about their experience cutting cane in Cuba.

On July 24, Vicky Smith raps with karate black belt Rick Prewitt about self-defense and survival.

Thursday 7:30 pm - The Voice of HOPE  
8 pm - LIFESTYLE

Friday 9 pm

July 17 - WOMEN'S LIBERATIONISTS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

July 24 - Non-Authoritarian Teaching Series  
July 31 - Non-Authoritarian Teaching Series.

8 pm - POWER. THE rules of that game, in Houston especially.

Saturday July 18 - 7 pm, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young revisited.

Monday July 20 - 9 am, THE NEW MORALITY SUNG AND SPOKEN

Mondays 7:30 pm - The University of Thought  
Wednesdays 8 pm - ENVIRONMENT

July 21, 8 pm, Ch 8: Monterey Jazz Festival - T-Bone Walker, Richie Havens, B.B. King.

July 22, 9 pm, Ch 8: On Being Black - Black dance group performs two of its ballets, Amerikan Dance Theater.

July 24, 8 pm, Ch 8: Jazz at Tanglewood - Judy Collins and Don Ellis.

July 26, 4 pm, Ch 8: Pete Seeger and the Hudson River Sloop - Songs while on the anti-pollution crusade on the Hudson River.

# FILMS

ROOM SERVICE (The Marx Brothers)

July 25 - 7:30-9:30 pm  
July 26 - 7:30 pm

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (Kalotozov's)

July 28 & 29 - 8:30 pm

WILD HORSES ON FIRE (Parajandhov)

July 30 - 8:30 pm

July 31 - 7:30-9:30 pm

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (Chukrai)

Aug 1 - 7:30-9:30 pm

Aug 2 - 7:30 pm

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

Aug 4 & 5 - 8:30 pm

# ROCK

THE SUNSHINE COLLAGE mini-festival every other Sunday, live bands at Milby park. PROCOL HARUM/TEN YEARS AFTER. July 25. Coliseum. Tickets at Disc Records.

RITCHIE HAVENS. mid Aug. More next issue.

DAY OF JOY. July 19, 10 am to Midnite. \$6 in advance. \$7 at the gate. The Almeda Speedway south of Houston. Big Brother, Z.Z. Topp, Buddy Miles and many many more.

The Longhorn Jazz Festival. Hofheinz Pavilion. July 19. \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50 Reserved. Roberta Flack, Cannonball Adderly, Jimmy Smith, Les McCan and more.

The Annual Ann Arbor Blues Festival. August 7 - 9. For ticket info write Christine Seltsman: Ann Arbor Blues Festival, Univ. of Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, Mich, 48103. Howlin Wolf, Buddy Guy, Big Mama Thorton, John Lee Hooker and more. . .

The First Annual Texas Pop Festival. September 5, 6, 7. Near Bastrop which is 24 mi. from Austin. The Old Camp Swift Area. First 15,000 tickets for \$9.50 each. Tickets at various record stores and from BASTROP 70. 5119 Austin, Tex, 78703. with stamped self-addressed envelope and check or money order. Steve Miller, Clouds, Ike and Tina Turner, Butterfield Blues, The Grateful Dead and more. Camping, parking, swimming free. (All bands unconfirmed.)

Strawberry Fields Festival, Canadian Maritime Province of New Brunswick, Canada at Monoton, Aug 7, 8, 9. Eric Bordon & War, Leonard Cohen, Grand Funk, Procol Harum, Melanie, Zeppelin. Three days for \$15 at "Strawberry Fields", Suite 700, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. on clean beach sounds.

Meeting of volunteer marshalls for the DAY OF JOY concert - July 18, 3:30 pm. For info call 433-6401.

July 31 - Aug 2. Spirit, Joe Cocker, Ten Years After and more at pop festival on Powder Ridge Ski area, Middlefield, Conn. Send \$20 check or money order with stamped, self-addressed envelope to Powder Ridge Festival, 200 W. 57th St., N.Y. 10019. Free Camping and low cost food.

Tom Turner plays Willie's Pub all week. 9 - midnite. Buffalo Bayou Flea Market, 120 Milam.

## PHONE NUMBERS

Inlet (drug crisis - cool)	526-7925
University of Thought	526-1829
Northside People's Center	225-4300
ACLU	524-5925
Space City!	526-6257
Switchboard	522-9769
Grape Boycott	227-7687 (9 to 1)
People's Party 11	523-6152
Pacifica	224-0000
VD Clinic	222-4201
HOPE Newspaper	228-9711
Problem Pregnancy	523-5354
Planned Parenthood	523-7419
Family Hand Restaurant	528-8306
Food Co-op	522-5282
Draft Counseling	
Wichita St.	526-6258 (eves)
St. James Church	526-0030
Pasadena	477-3860

Jewish Community Center Sunday Night Series, Sundays 8 pm, \$1.75, 5601 S. Braeswood Blvd. 729-3200

July 19 - A THOUSAND CLOWNS

July 26 - BLOW UP

Aug 2 - COOL HAND LUKE

Jewish Community Center Wednesday Night Film Series, 5601 S. Braeswood Blvd. 729-3200.

July 15 - THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

July 22 - THE SON OF THE SHIEK (1926)

July 29 - DON JUAN (1926)

Aug 5 - THE JAZZ SINGER (1929)

All performances on Wednesday Evenings at 8 pm, Kaplan Theater. \$1.25 Center Members; \$1.75 Non-members.



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